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ILLUSION.

A scarlet poppy, in the balmy night,
Upraised from the grass her slender stem.
And near her heart she holds a dewdrop, bright
And lovely as a gem.

A pure white elster murmurs half asleep,
As from a dream, "This late; the moon's pale
ray,
Silvers the earth; close, love, your leaves, and
keep,
Your beauty for the day."

With gladness pride the scarlet flower replies,
"So blessed am I, for joy I cannot rest;
A star from heaven hath fallen, and it lies
And sparkles on my breast."

"A star!" repeats the sleeper, drowsily:
"Not so, for stars shine ever from afar."
"Hush!" pleads the daisy; "let her happy be,
Believing it's a star!"

For his Sake.

When the Flying Scud discharged
her cargo and passengers at the London
Dock, there landed among them a gen-
tleman who had been absent from Eng-
land nine years. All the while he had
passed under the burning sun of India.
He had suffered as soldiers do. He had
fought as soldiers fight. He had met
the soldier's fate of scars and wounds,
and one of them had invalidated him
home to England.

It was the first time he trod her shores
for nine years, as we have said, and for
the first time in any year he was going
to see his son, the little boy born after
he left home, and whose birth had been
his mother's death.

Captain Penryn had only been mar-
ried a year when he was ordered abroad
with his regiment. Six months from
that day a letter had reached him, tell-
ing him his wife was dead. The letter
was written by an old nurse, the only
friend who had been with her. It ended
thus:

"The baby, as fine a child as I ever
saw, is thriving. I've done my best for
it. Its mother's last wish was I should
keep it, and perhaps, sir, as some one
must, you'd as leave it as any other. I
shut it in a room, and I'm very fond of
it, and I'm very fond of him already."

"With my duty to you in this dread-
ful trouble, your servant,
ANN GOLDEN."

The poor broken-hearted man almost
sank under the awful news. He had
loved his wife passionately, and when
the baby was old enough to travel she
would have come to him in India brav-
ing its terrible climate and the life of a
soldier's wife abroad, because they
could not live apart. Now he did not
want a little baby on his hands, and he
wrote to Ann as soon as he could
command himself to do so, appointing
her his nurse.

Every quarter since that time he had
sent money to her for the child's board
and clothes. A receipt was always re-
turned with "her duty, and the young
gentleman was doing well," and this
was all he knew of Ellen's boy—the
child of a love that had been as strong
as it was tender.

Now that his foot was upon Eng-
land's shores again, and the meeting
was very near, Captain Penryn felt new
thrills of father-love through his sol-
dier's heart, and longed for his boy's
presence.

"He would take him to himself he
said. "They would live together, shar-
ing each other's joys and sorrows. He
would make a man of the boy—not a
soldier, for he knew the trial of a sol-
dier's life too well; but something very
honorable and creditable. It should
be proud of him, and he hoped—ah,
how he hoped—that Ellen's child would
have Ellen's face."

"My beautiful girl," he said to him-
self, with the tears standing in his eyes
"how little I thought of this hour when
I kissed her good-by!"

And then his heart grew even warmer
to the pledge of their mutual love.

He had the address that Mrs. Golden
had given him in his pocket. He
glanced at it now to refresh his mem-
ory as to the number. A plain respect-
able street in one of London's suburbs;
he remembered it well.

"But my boy shall see better things,
now that I am here," he said to him-
self. "I am not rich, but I can deny
myself many things to make him happy.
Will he love me, I wonder?"

Then he thought how his own heart
had been won by toys and sweetmeats,
and coming to a shop where the former
were sold, passed before the gay win-
dow, and began to make a mental
choice between a red and gilt stage-
coach and horses and a train of bright
blue carriages. He had discarded both
for a box of scarlet-coated soldiers,
when suddenly he felt a tug at his coat
tail, and turning round, he found a
grimy little hand in half, out of
his pocket. He caught it at once,
with his handkerchief in it, and gripped
it tight.

He was a soldier, and to a soldier the
keeping of law and rule is a great
thing. To give the little thief to a
policeman, and appear against him next
day, was his first thought; but as the
creature stood there, shivering and whin-
ing, the fact of his diminutive size
struck the Captain forcibly. He per-
ceived his youth, which was extreme;
and he saw that, besides being young
and small, and wan, and dirty, and
ragged, he was deformed. His queer
little shoulders were heaped up to his
ears, and his hands were like talons, so
long and bony were they. The Cap-
tain held the wrist of this mannikin
firmly still, but not angrily.

"What did you mean by that, sir?"

he growled, slowly stooping down to
look into the boy's eyes.

"I'm to look it," said the boy with
perfect candor. "Oh, please let me be!
Oh, please let me go! Oh please, sir,
I won't do it no more—never oh please!"

"I've a mind to have you sent to
goal," said the Captain.

"No, please, sir!" said the waif.
"Please, sir!"

"Who taught you to steal?" asked
the Captain.

The boy made no answer. Grimy
tears were pouring from his eyes.

"Answer me," said the Captain.

"If I don't steal, I don't get no vict-
uals," said the boy, "and my stomach
is as hollow—feel it, mister—it's as hol-
low as a coffin! She's been a beggin'
to-day, and we'll have stew. I won't
have none, if I don't fetch nothin'! Oh—"

"Who is she?" asked the Captain.

"My mother," said the boy.

"I've been hungry myself," said the
Captain, thinking of a certain Indian
prison experience. "It isn't pleasant."

Then he thought of his own boy.

"God knows I ought to be tender to
the little ones, for the sake of Nellie's
child," he said softly; then aloud:
"Laddie, I'll not send you to prison."

"Thankee, sir," said the urchin.

"And I'll give you a breakfast," said
the Captain.

"The dirty elf executed a sort of joy-
ous war dance."

"Do you know why I forgive you?"
said the Captain.

The child shook his head.

"I have a little boy," said the Cap-
tain. "He's very different from you,
poor child! He would not steal any-
thing. He washes himself. My lad,
you must wash yourself as soon as you
find water. But I couldn't think of
his being hungry; and for his sake I
can't bear to see other little fellows
hungry. It's for his sake that I don't
call a constable and tell him all about
it. Remember that, and try to be like
—like my little fellow, poor laddie,
clean and good. Don't steal; try to
get work. Will you promise?"

The waif said "yes, sir," of course.

Then the Captain led him to a cheap
eating house and watched him eat until
his little stomach was no longer "hol-
ler."

"You little wretch!" he thought, as
he looked at him. "If I could see my
boy and him together now, what a con-
trast!"

And he fancied his boy round and
white and pink, and fair of hair, like
his poor lost Ellen, and I know he said
that he would pity this poor fellow and
be kind to him.

The meal was over. The Captain
paid for it, and then drew the boy be-
tween his knees and lectured him. To
be good was to be happy. Honesty was
the best policy. Cleanliness came next
to godliness. These were the heads of
his discourse.

Then he gave him half a crown, and
bade him go and be good and clean.

And the boy was off like a flash.

"Thousands just such as he in this
great city," sighed the good Captain,
and he walked along. "Ah, me!"

Then he went in search of Mrs. Ann
Golden and his own fair darling.

But Mrs. Golden was not so easily
found as he had hoped. There was a
little shop in the house he had been
directed to, and the keeper thereof said
that she had bought it of Ann Golden;

The Opening of the Calhoun Grange College.

On last Monday the Grange college was opened under the most auspicious circumstances. Quite a number of ladies and gentlemen assembled in the large hall of the college building, besides a number of young people who had come for the purpose of matriculating. The exercises were opened by prayer by Rev. Julian Brown pastor of the M. E. Church. Col. James Crook then introduced Col. W. H. Chambers Master of the State Grange who delivered an earnest and impressive address, which was listened to with marked attention by the entire audience and greeted with rounds of applause. After stating that he was there by invitation, he proceeded to speak of the advantages to the community resulting from the establishment of a first class school. He said that there was no reason why such a school should not be established here. The climate is salubrious and the health excellent—scenery beautiful and the soil productive. Everything for family use cheap and abundant. No community in the state was more intelligent or ranked higher intellectually. He said if capitalists had determined to erect in our midst extensive cotton mills, which would advance our material interests, it would be regarded as a matter of great importance, and when a better work than this has begun all should interest themselves in it.

The establishment of a good school here would draw a population superior to that which a cotton factory would draw and would insure both moral and material advantages. Our real estate would be enhanced in value; people would seek homes here to educate their children. He then proceeded to elaborate the advantages to accrue to the rising generation from a thorough education and the facilities for making money and rising in the world the man possessed who was educated and worked his brain over the man who earned his living by the exercise of his muscle only. Before the war there were few fields of employment open to the educated man, outside the professions of law, physic or divinity, now the industrial arts are attracting the thought of our best minds. The development of our mountains requires engineers; railroads and canals are to be constructed; besides the science of cultivating the soil must be developed, all of which require the attention of men of reading and learning. He then urged upon the young men the necessity for their application to their studies in order to be able to fill the places of those now leading in governmental affairs. He closed by expressing the hope that a great institution would be built here that would be an ornament to the town, county of Calhoun and the State of Alabama.

Col. Crook next introduced Dr. I. T. Tichenor, President of the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Auburn who made an eloquent address, which we regret our space prevents our publishing entire, as well as the remarks of Col. Chambers. After humorously referring to the fact that Col. Chambers had spoken much of the speech he intended making, he said there was a broad line running through the field he had not touched. He then referred to the progress of education in this country of late years, not as to dissemination, because he held that the South in higher education had always been in advance of the North, that there was more cultivation here, there were more students in proportion to the population in attendance at college, that more money was expended for a higher education here than in the North. It is not in the dissemination but in the improving the system of education that progress is being made. He then related an anecdote of the failure of a number of girls and boys attending school, some of them considerably advanced, who were unable to tell how they could go to New York, thus showing how geography was neglected in the schools, and the want of practicality in the old manner of teaching. He said that rapid strides were being made in making education practical. In the old times educated men necessarily went into the professions, or became cultivated gentlemen with nothing to do. It was not considered necessary to educate a boy beyond the three R's: "reading, riting and rithm," unless he was to enter one of the professions. The people have awakened from this idea and the man who cultivates the soil now, it is deemed, should have a broader, higher and more thorough education than any other. They have realized that the agents with which the farmer deals are those which move the world. Light, heat, electricity and the atmosphere, are all elements with which he deals every day. He should be able to take up soil anywhere and tell its constituent elements, what is wanting in one soil to make it productive or what another has that renders it unproductive. These are questions the farmer has to deal with every day. He must learn when he puts a seed in the ground, how it grows, what it takes from the soil and what from the atmosphere, and what tends to its certain and perfect development. How necessary is this knowledge in this State when it is remembered that eight tenths of her population and nine tenths of her capital is engaged in agriculture. He suggested that the farmers of the county ought to endeavor a professorship of Agriculture by donating lands for that purpose; that it could be easily done and would prove of incalculable benefit. What a blessing it would be to the South if some scientist would devote himself to the study of the habits of the cotton worm that annually destroys millions of dollars worth of cotton, and find the

means of preventing its ravages. In Sweden a worm was destroying the timber of the lumber men, which formed a large part of the population of that country. The government sent a scientific man into the lumber region to see if the ravages of the worm could not be checked. He found that a miller produced the worm and that it laid its eggs in the mouth of May. He advised the lumber men to immerse their timber in the water during that month. The result was this great interest of that country was saved from ruin.

He said that our great mineral resources must be developed and that it will require the assistance of science to accomplish this end. He remarked that the other day while going up the mountain he picked up a stone, which proved to be as fine grit as any of the finest mill stones of the best quarries. He was eloquent in speaking of the civilization and material wealth of our State, and closed by addressing a few earnest remarks to President Borden on the importance and responsibility of his position, and expressing hopes for the prosperity of the institution. His remarks were applauded during their delivery and at their close.

Professor Borden then came forward and expressed himself gratified with the words of cheer that he had received. He said he had spent the greater part of his life in the school room, but always entered it with fear and trembling, because of the great responsibility he felt rested upon him. He felt it due to the patrons of the school to state how he intended conducting it. His manner of conducting schools was well known, and in the future he proposes to use the same energy he has in the past, and to make everything as perfect as possible. He proposes to examine his pupils and to classify them according to the degree of proficiency shown. They should not be made to go faster in their studies than they reasonably could.

He stated that he had a few rules which he required those of his pupils who were old enough to understand the nature of an obligation, to obligate themselves to obey. Among those were "diligence in study and punctual attendance," "the abstinence from intoxicating liquors," "not to carry any pistol, dir or deadly weapon," "not to visit shows, concerts, picnics or other places of public amusement without the consent of the President," "not to use profane language or gamble," "to attend Divine worship on Sabbath and also Sabbath school," in short to deport themselves as good manners, good taste and moral training dictate and to obey all the rules and regulations of the institution. If these rules become too rigorous for any pupil, he or she are requested to at once quietly to quit the school. These rules of course are not as full as those read by Mr. Borden, but embody their substance.

At the conclusion of their reading Mr. Borden called on Dr. Tichenor for his opinion of them. He replied that they were exactly similar to those in force at the Agricultural and Mechanical College except the one requiring attendance Sabbath school. He deemed them necessary to success. The audience was then dismissed and 47 pupils came forward and matriculated.

MARTHA MURFORD PELHAM.
When one so estimable as the subject of this sketch passes away, the event is deserving of more than a passing notice. MARTHA MURFORD PELHAM was born in Person county North Carolina, January 15th, 1803. She was married to Dr. A. Pelham Dec. 22nd, 1833. In the year 1837 she moved with her husband to Calhoun county, Alabama, where she lived until her death, which occurred at Alexandria the 16th of Aug, 1877, after she had reached the age of 69 years and 7 months. She was a consistent member of the Presbyterian church for twenty years.

Our county has had few ladies who have equalled Mrs. Pelham in the graces that adorn womanhood, and none superior to her in the characteristics that go to make up the model wife, mother and humble consistent christian. Her best eulogy is written in the family she reared, and her name will go down to history as the mother of the "immortal Pelham."

A SHOOTING SCRAPE.—Some days ago J. L. Mattison and John Journey, acting as Sheriff's deputies, went to DeArmanville to arrest Dick Ramsey, charged with murder in Talladega. They found him at church and had him called out. He gave himself up very readily when the capias was read to him; but requested to speak to his wife, who was at church with him, which the officers granted him permission to do. He then suggested that he was near dinner time and asked if he could be allowed to eat something before starting. This was granted also, and the prisoner led the officers to his home a short distance off. Upon reaching there he had watermelons and other fruit brought out and hospitably conducted himself in a most hospitable way. Finally he stepped into a room, as the officers supposed, to get a chair, and upon his return brought instead a pistol ready cocked. This he brought down on Journey, and would probably have fired but for his wife. Journey had left his pistol on his saddle at the gate and was unprepared to resist. Ramsey then sprang through a window, when he was fired upon by Mattison. He returned the fire, and the fusillade was kept up until eight shots had been exchanged, he mean time working his way back into the house. He finally got a good opportunity and bolted, and at last accounts had not been arrested.

Journey says the next time he gets the "dead wood" on a prisoner he will hand him his wife or no wife, church or no church, watermelons or no watermelons.

Despatches of the 29th, bring intelligence of the death of Brigham Young.

Calhoun County Agricultural Fair. PREMIUM LIST FOR 1877.

CLASS A.	
W. F. Hanna, J. A. Dailey, Supts.	
1 Best Stallion, 4 years old and over, cup	\$4 00
2 Best Stallion, 4 years old and over, Alabama raised, cup	5 00
3 Best Brood Mare, 4 years old and over, cup	5 00
4 Best Brood Mare, 4 years old and over, Alabama raised, cup	5 00
5 Best Filly, 3 years old, Alabama raised, cup	5 00
6 Best Filly, 3 years old, Alabama raised, cup	5 00
7 Best Gelding, 3 years old, Alabama raised, cup	5 00
8 Best Gelding, 2 years old, Alabama raised, cup	5 00
9 Best yearling colt, horse or mare, Alabama raised, cup	3 00
10 Best spring colt, horse or mare, Alabama raised, cup	3 00
11 Best pair match carriage horses, style and form considered, cup	5 00
12 Best single harness horse or mare, cup	4 00
13 Best saddle horse or mare, style and form considered, cup	4 00
14 Best Jack, 4 years old and over, cup	5 00
15 Best Jack, 4 years old and over, Alabama raised, cup	5 00
16 Best Jennet, 4 years old and over, cup	5 00
17 Best pair match mules in harness, cup	4 00
18 Best mule, any age, cup	5 00
19 Best mule, any age, Alabama raised, cup	5 00
20 Best mule, 3 years old, Alabama raised, cup	4 00
21 Best mule, 2 years old, Alabama raised, cup	3 00
22 Best yearling mule, Alabama raised, cup	3 00
23 Best spring colt (mule) Alabama raised, cup	3 00
24 Best single harness mule, Alabama raised, cup	3 00
25 Best 4 mule team owned by exhibitor, cup	5 00
CLASS B.	
A. M. Stewart, Jas. Gladden, Supts.	
1 Best Stallion, 3 years old and over, cup	5 00
2 Best yearling bull, Silver Medal	do
3 Best yearling heifer, do	do
4 Best cow, 12 months old, do	do
5 Best cow, 12 months old, do	do
6 Best cow, 12 months old, do	do
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97	Largest yield on 1 acre of tobacco, cup	2 00
98	Largest yield on one acre in wheat	2 00
99	Largest yield on 1 acre of wheat	2 00
100	Largest yield on 1 acre of Irish potatoes, cup	2 00
101	Largest yield on 1 acre of turnips, cup	2 00
102	Largest yield on 1 acre of chufas, cup	2 00
103	Largest yield on 1 acre of groundnuts, cup	2 00
104	Largest yield on 1 acre of artichokes, cup	2 00
105	Largest yield on 1 acre of broom corn, cup	2 00
SAMPLE OF CROPS.		
106	Best half bushel of white wheat	Silver Medal
107	Best half bushel red wheat	do
108	Best half bushel Mediana	do
109	Best half bushel red wheat	do
110	Best half bushel sweet potatoes	do
111	Best black onions	do
112	Best half bushel rust proof oats	do
113	Best half bushel blue oats	do
114	Best half bushel black oats	do
115	Best half bushel rye	do
116	Best half bushel barley	do
117	Best half bushel field peas	do
118	Best half bushel cowpeas	do
119	Best 5 gallon ear of corn	do
120	Best 5 pounds lent tobacco, Alabama made	do
121	Best pack of beans	do
122	Best half bushel ground peas	do
123	Best one doz. ears white corn	Diploma
124	Best one doz. ears yellow corn	do
125	Best one doz ears hominy corn	do
126	Best half doz ears of cabbage	do
127	Best one-half doz of beets	do
128	Best one doz of turnips	do
129	Best collection of turnips, not variety	do
130	Best half dozen pumpkins	do
131	Best half dozen squashes	do
132	Best half dozen water melons	do
133	Best half dozen of cucumbers	Diploma
134	Biggest gourd (auilbun)	do
135	Best half sack flour, Ala. made	do
136	Best one doz carrots	do
137	Best half bushel clover	do
138	Best half bushel meal	do
139	Best half bushel ground hominy	do
140	Best half bushel ground corn	do
141	Best half bushel green peas	do
142	Best half bushel green peas	do
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PIND'S EXTRACT

[illegible]

provoking and Pimples it removes
 and cures and restores, with no
 exception the complexion.
TO FARMERS.—Stock Extract is
 Stock Breeder, no Liver is wanted
 be without it. It is used by all the best
 Sprague, Harness or Saddle Clubs,
 Horses, Bleedings, Pneumonia, Calf
 Rides, Cures, and is a most valuable
 wide, and the relief it affords is such
 that it is a most valuable in every Farm-house
 well as in every Farm-house. It is a
 and you will never be without it.
TO ALL.—The genuine article has been
 stated. The genuine article has been
 prepared in each bottle in each bottle
 who ever knew how to prepare it, proper
 before the public, and is a most valuable
 This is the only article used by Physicians
 and in the hospitals of this country
 Europe.
HISTORY AND Uses of Pond's Extract
 is to remove all the impurities of the
POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY,
 Maiden Lane, New York.

FACTS:

- 1.—They have been in the Advertising business for nearly thirty years, and give it their constant attention and study during that time.
- 2.—They have had, and continue to have, the largest business connections with all the newspapers and other periodicals in the United States and Canada.
- 3.—Their record with all these publications is one of fair treatment, honorable dealing and prompt settlements.
- 4.—In consequence of this, they are always able to advertise in all the publications at the lowest rates.
- 5.—They are so acquainted with the tendencies of the country that they can select the best medium for their advertising.
- 6.—Having done advertising for all kinds of business, and noted the results to their credit, they are able to give the best advice.

7. - Having frequent orders for a large number of papers, they can, in most cases, work orders for less cost than the advertiser would pay if he sent the order direct.

8. - They examine all papers, look for errors or irregularities, and secure the right fulfillment of every stipulation of the contract.

9. - They give the advertiser the benefit of their supervision without charge, in addition to being paid by the publishers.

10. - They submit estimates for any general list of papers, or for property covering any given

For a systematic working up of any large enterprise, they assist in the preparation of circulars, pamphlets, and general reading matter in addition to newspaper advertising.

They invite a call from any parties who contemplate advertising in any way or form.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO.,
17 Park Row, New York. Tel. Chestnut St. 31.
10 State St., Boston.

E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron.

This truly valuable tonic has been successfully tested by all classes of the community.

[illegible]

BUTTER how to make, pack, preserve & M.S.
Extract & Candy. Dances & Songs
for 3-cent stamp. MRS. B. SMITH, 327 Arch St., Philad.

HEAVEN HELPS THOSE WHO
help themselves. The
well body is the first and best line grow from for the
is the first and best line grow from for the
is the first and best line grow from for the

... bureau experience, Remington, 1917-1920.
... bulking up of Empire. ...
... resence, Inc., to W. Y. EDWARDS, is Harry Jones, who

Jacksonville Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLI.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1877.

WHOLE NO. 2108.

THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

J. F. & L. W. GRANT.

Terms of Subscription:

For one year in advance, \$2.00
If not paid in advance, \$3.00

Terms of Advertising:

One square of 10 lines or less, first insertion, 50 cents
Each subsequent insertion, 25 cents
Over one square counted as two, etc.
Advertisements charged at advertising rates.
Marriage notices, 50 cents

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CANDIDATES.

For County Offices, \$5.00
For State Offices, \$10.00
For Congressional Districts, \$15.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates changed as advertisements.

Rates of Advertising:

One square of 10 lines, three months, \$1.00
One square of 10 lines, six months, \$1.50
One square of 10 lines, twelve months, \$2.00
One-half column three months, \$1.00
One-half column six months, \$1.50
One-half column twelve months, \$2.00
One column three months, \$1.50
One column six months, \$2.00
One column twelve months, \$2.50

A. WOODS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

M. J. TURNLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
Jacksonville, Alabama.

Will practice in Calhoun, Cherokee, Cleburne, DeKalb, Elberta and Talladega.
He trusts his long experience and extended practice will enable him to be useful to those who confide in his legal services.
Those who want legal advice, without further employment, can consult him at any time for a reasonable advice fee; and thereby often avoid a lawsuit, with its train of troubles, expenses and other evils arising therefrom. An office of preventive is worth a pound of cure.

W. M. DAMES, J. M. CALDWELL.

HAMES & CALDWELL,
Attorneys at Law,
No. 7 Office Row, Jacksonville, Ala.

Prompt Attention given to Collections.
may 15-1875-ly

G. C. ELLIS, JOHN T. MARTIN.

ELLIS & MARTIN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
No. 7 Office Row, Jacksonville, Alabama.

Have associated in the practice of their profession, and will attend to all business connected with them, in the counties of the 1st judicial circuit, and adjoining counties in the supreme court of the State.
may 15, 1875-ly

H. L. STEVENSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

J. D. ARNOLD,
SURGEON DENTIST
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

All work executed in the most durable and scientific manner.
Charges very moderate.
may 25, 75-ly

The Vicissitudes of a Mosque.

Twice the temple of St. Sophia was destroyed by fire and twice rebuilt; twice the great dome fell and twice it was restored. The arches, having responded to the music of Chrysostom's voice, came at last to echo the blasphemies of the infidel and the groans of the wounded and dying. At the capture of Constantinople, the clergy, the virgins dedicated to God, and a multitude of people of all classes, crowded into the church and sought refuge behind the high altar. Mahomet at the head of the Osmanli rode into the sanctuary, forced his way through the affrighted throng, and leaping from his horse at the altar, he cried, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his Prophet!" A hideous scene of slaughter followed, and the temple was desecrated.

The Sultan has despoiled it of its pictorial beauty, have added minarets and abutments to support the tottering southeast wall; have caused the rich frescoes to be plastered over with a yellowish substance; have chipped away wherever it was possible the carved symbol of the cross; have hung great disks graven with the names of the four companions of the Prophet over the seraphim under the dome, with their slender wings crossed above and below them. Beneath the cupola is inscribed in fantastical and beautiful characters a line from the Koran, "God is the light of the heavens and of the earth."

The whole province of Nova Scotia is equal to 14,000 square miles.

The Michigan iron-ore shipments this year foot up to 415,483 tons.

Ex-Empress Charlotte, of Mexico, (now Carlotta) has just passed her thirty-seventh birthday.

A SONG FOR THE GIRL I LOVE.

A song for the girl I love—
God love her!
A song for the eyes of tender blue,
And the fragrant mouth that melts on mine,
The shimmer tresses uncontrol'd
That clasp her neck with tender gold;
The blossom mouth and the dainty chin,
And the little dimples out and in—
The girl I love—
God love her!

A song for the girl I loved—
God love her!
A song for the eyes of faded light,
And the cheek whose red rose waned to white;
The quiet brow with its shadow and gleam,
And the dark hair drooping in a long deep dream;
The small hands crossed for their churchyard rest,
And the lilies on her sweet, dead breast,
The girl I loved—
God love her!

Was he in Earnest.

"And so you think this Miss What's-her-name would be just as fast to marry you if you were a poor man, with no expectations whatever, instead of being my nephew and supposed heir?"
There was a hurt, indignant look upon the frank face that confronted the speaker.

"The young lady's name is Ashton, and I never said she was 'fast to marry' me."

"I beg you and the young lady's pardon. You think that Miss Ashton would be just as willing to marry you if she knew you to be a poor man?"

"I do. I would stake my life on the sincerity and disinterestedness of her love."

Leaning back in his chair, Mr. Poppleton, senior, surveyed his nephew with a smile of superior wisdom, which had in it something of contemptuous pity.

"Ha! that's what all you young fellows say when you are in love; we old fellows don't lose our heads so easily. And it's well for you we don't. Why don't I make a fool of myself about some woman, I'd like to know?"

"I've often wondered, uncle, why you haven't married."

"When I was at your age, I was poor and had something else to think of; and now that I'm old, I've got more sense, I hope. There's Peter Constock whose head is as gray as mine, he's married a girl young enough to be his daughter, and a pretty little she leads him. When Josiah Poppleton makes such a fool of himself, you may shave his head, chaps a straight-jacket on him, and put him into a lunatic hospital."

The young man smiled, and then looked grave.

"You object to Miss Ashton because she is poor and a dressmaker?"

"Nothing of the sort, Fred. I object to her because she is mercenary."

"You have no right to say that uncle when you have never even seen her."

"I couldn't be surer of it if I had known her all my life," said the old gentleman stoutly. "All such people are. You don't believe it, of course; but let her think you a poor man, or let a rich one make her an offer, and you would soon see."

Here Mr. Poppleton, senior, glanced at his watch.

"You'll have to be lively young man if you want to catch the next train. You will find the bills for collection on my desk. We'll talk the matter over when you get back."

Mr. Poppleton waited until he heard the whistle of the train that took his nephew out of town, and then putting on his hat, and buttoning up his coat with a resolute air, went out.

He walked very swiftly, passing through several streets and around various corners, until he came to the house he was in search of—a modest unpretending story-and-a-half affair, on the faded green door of which were these words:

MISS ASHTON, DRESSMAKER.

Mr. Poppleton regarded it with a look of stern disapproval, and then setting his hat on his head with a still more resolute air, marched up the stairs and rang the bell.

After waiting some little time, the door opened, revealing to his bewildered gaze the loveliest creature he had ever beheld, whose rosy lips and violet eyes smiled out upon him, as though he was an old and long-expected friend.

He stared at her for a moment, and then said:

"I am Josiah Poppleton, and I wish to see Miss Ashton."

"The rosy lips dimpled into a still brighter smile."

"That is my name, sir. Won't you walk in?"

Mr. Poppleton found himself in one of the coziest, cheeriest little sitting-rooms in the world.

The first thing his eyes fell upon was his own photograph, cabinet size, in a little rustic frame on the mantel. He remembered giving it to his nephew.

And he remembered, too, with considerable satisfaction, that it was a remarkably fine likeness.

"The little baggage knew me," he thought, as he took a seat, "and that was what made her smile so."

He felt his courage oozing from the ends of his fingers. Somehow, it didn't seem such an easy thing as he had fancied it would be to carry out the programme he laid down for himself, and he began to wish he was most anywhere else. But here he was, and he must go through with it.

"Miss Ashton—ahem! I suppose you

know that I am Frederic Poppleton's uncle, and so you can guess why I am here?"

Rose glanced up shyly at the speaker from beneath the long, brown lashes.

"I suppose it is because he asked you to come."

"Nothing of the kind. He didn't know a word about it."

"Oh?"

Mr. Poppleton felt that he was not getting on very well; as he considered it highly important that he should get on, he summoned all his resolution, and commenced again:

"No m'um, I came entirely on my own responsibility. I consider it a matter of duty to let you know that I strongly disapprove of your engagement. And, furthermore, it is my invincible determination, if he persists in running counter to my wishes, to have nothing more to do with him!"

This was evidently something that Rose did not expect to hear; the dimpling smiles left the mouth, and the violet eyes opened widely.

Looking resolutely away, Mr. Poppleton continued:

"If you think my nephew has property in his own right, you were never mistaken. He is entirely dependent on me; and if he commits the folly he contemplates, I won't give him a penny—not a penny!"

Here Mr. Poppleton turned his eyes upon the face opposite him, as if to see what effect his words were producing. All its bloom and brightness had vanished, but he went pitilessly on.

"Of course, you can marry him if you choose; this is a free country, and people can make themselves as miserable as they like. I suppose, only, I feel it my duty to warn you what the inevitable consequences will be. Fred can hardly take care of himself. You'll have a large family—poor people always do have large families—and the result will be poverty, misery and no end of trouble."

This was not a very encouraging prospect to look forward to, and Rose did not look as if she considered it as such. She made no reply, however, and Mr. Poppleton continued:

"On the other hand, if you will act as sensibly and discreetly in the matter as I think you will, on reflection, you will never be sorry for it. You may count on my protection and friendship—the friendship and protection of Josiah Poppleton!"

Rose now spoke.

"I love Frederic."

"Don't answer me now," interrupted Mr. Poppleton, rising and turning—to do so: "take time to think the matter over. I'll be here to-morrow at the same hour to get your decision. Only remember, if you really do love my nephew, that you will not take a course that will ruin his prospects for life."

"No wonder the young rascal is bewitched," thought the old gentleman, as he took his way homeward, "she is certainly the most bewitching creature I ever saw."

Mr. Poppleton expected his nephew back on the following day, and was, therefore, all the more anxious that the matter should be satisfactorily settled, promptly at the hour he had named to Rose, he was on hand to receive her decision.

"Mr. Poppleton, I cannot feel it would be right for me to break my engagement with your nephew; if he chooses to give me up, that is another thing. The thought of making trouble between you two gives me more pain than I can tell you. What possible objection can you have to me?"

Here poor Rose turned into tears.

"No objection to you, whatever, my dear," said Mr. Poppleton, taking one of the soft, white hands in both of his.

"On the contrary, I think you the most charming creature I ever saw!"

"Why then are you unwilling that I should marry your nephew?"

"Because I want to marry you myself."

Rose started to her feet.

"Are you in earnest, sir?"

"I was never more so in my life. I love you to distraction, and shall consider myself the happiest of men if you will become Mrs. Josiah Poppleton."

Rose turned her flashing eyes upon the speaker with a look that he never forgot.

"If you were not Frederic's uncle I should express in very plain terms my opinion of you. As it is, I have only to say that there is the door, and to ask you to go."

Mr. Poppleton did not wait for a second invitation.

On reaching the corner he looked back, just in time to catch a glimpse of his nephew going in.

Feeling very much like one that had been raised to a great height and set down very suddenly, Mr. Poppleton went home.

Going up to his own room, he marched to the mirror.

"Josiah Poppleton," he said, shaking his fist at the reflection there, "you are a fraud, a cheat, an idiot, donkey! You are a scoundrel of the darkest dye, and if you were somebody else I'd punch your head!"

Having thus relieved his feelings he set down.

Half an hour later he heard his nephew's well-known step on the walk, rushing to the head of the stairs; he bawled out:

"John, say I'm sick, that I'm out, that I can't see anybody!"

But he was too late; Fred was in the hall and half way up the stairs.

"Ah, uncle!" cried the young man,

with a merry laugh, "that was a cunningly contrived plot of yours; the best joke I've heard yet! The cream of it is that Rose thought you were in earnest. You acted your part so naturally that it was some time before I could make her understand that you were only testing her love for me. But she sees it all now. You found Rose as true as steel, eh, uncle? and will make us both happy by giving your consent to our marriage?"

Mr. Poppleton not only gave this but presented Rose, on her wedding day, with a house completely furnished.

He seemed a little shy of her at first, but this soon wore away, or rather developed into the personal affection growing out of this mutual relation and the winning and lovable qualities of his nephew's wife.

This little episode in his life had the good effect of making him more distrustful of himself, more tolerant of the follies and weakness of others. And sometimes, as Rose looked back upon it, this question arose in his mind, which she never even suggested to her husband: "Was he in earnest?"

Laying Submarine Cable.

Before laying a submarine cable between the proposed places it is extremely important to take soundings and otherwise survey the ocean, so as to determine the exact route the cable should take. A cable is too costly to be flung away anywhere on the sea bottom, and the sea bottom is sometimes of a very unfavorable character. It may be said that too little attention has hitherto been paid to this point in cable laying. Expensive cables have been manufactured at home with their relative length of shore end, intermediate, and main determined by formula or usage, and then laid away in seas whose character has been largely taken for granted; the consequence being that weight and costly shore-end has been deposited in mud soft as butter, where it would be out of harm's way; while unprotected main has been laid along the jagged surface of coral reefs. The depth and nature of the bottom, the strength and direction of the currents, the temperature at the bottom, should all be ascertained before hand by a special ship appointed to survey the proposed track of the cable. The best route for the cable is then laid down on the charts as a guide to the navigator and engineers engaged in the laying.

Great improvements have recently been made in the method of taking deep sea soundings. The ordinary plan is to carry the lead-line (a strong line or small rope of fine tarred Manila yarn) from the stern along the side into the bows and there drop the lead into the sea. As it sinks the rope runs out of the drum on which it is coiled, and when the lead strikes bottom the running ceases. The introduction of piano-forte wire for a rope, by Sir William Thompson, is a great improvement in the clumsy method. The wire sinks quickly through the water, and is pulled in again with a very great saving of time and labor. But the most ingenious of all contrivances for finding the depth of the sea is Smeaton's bathometer, a very recent invention. The bathometer simply stands in the Captain's cabin like a barometer, and indicates the depth of the sea over which the ship is passing, just as a barometer indicates the height of the atmosphere above. The action of this ingenious contrivance depends on the attraction of the earth on a column of mercury. This attraction is proportional to the earth's density, and the relative distance of its crust from the mercury column. Earth being denser than water, exercises a greater downward attraction on the mercury. If, then, there are say a hundred fathoms of water or rock, there will be less downward attraction on it. Taking advantage of this law, the mercury column is adjustable so as to indicate the power of the attraction and give the depth of the water it corresponds to.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Amount of Dentistry Done in the United States.

That people are becoming aroused upon the subject of teeth can be seen from the employment of from eleven to twelve thousand dentists in our country alone, who according to the best authority, are annually packing into cavities in teeth no less than half a ton of pure gold, costing, owing partly to the great amount of labor required to furnish it, about half a million dollars, or one three-hundredth part of all the gold in the United States. Besides this, there probably is in weight four times as much cheaper material used for filling cavities in teeth, costing about \$150,000. In this country there are annually made about three millions of artificial teeth, mounted upon plates of gold, vulcanite and platinum, which contribute to keep the fingers of this busy profession at work. What is more wonderful is that not half of the people avail themselves of their valuable services who need them, not only for their health and happiness, but to maintain beauty of form and complexion of the face.

From statistics taken in America, it has been ascertained that out of an average of about eighty people of all classes, as we find them, only one can be found with perfect dental organs. All the rest are troubled more or less with decayed teeth.—*Farrar's Dental Parlor Talks.*

How many troubles might mankind be spared if they would only stop to hear each others' explanation?

About Finger Rings.

The ring has for many ages formed a part of ecclesiastical insignia. It appears to have had a two-fold purpose and signification—the one as a mark of dignity and authority, and the other symbolic of the mystical union between the priesthood and the church. Prominent among these ecclesiastical rings are those worn by the Pope and Bishops in a variety of shapes and ornamentation. The Pope uses a ring for the purpose of affixing his signature to any documents. The usual types of Pontifical rings are massive hoops, with the crossed keys engraved upon them. In early times they were made of gilt bronze and set with precious stones.

Great importance is attached to Episcopal rings, which form a part of ecclesiastical investiture. They are generally set with a sapphire or a ruby, but their shape varies considerably.

Rings as pledges are betrothal and wedding rings are of very ancient origin. The Romans used iron as a material for their rings; this metal was chosen as symbolic of the lasting character of the engagement.

The ring was not used among Christians until the year 800. The plain gold wedding rings which are the fashion among Anglo-Saxon nations, came to us from the Saxons. A curious variety of the old wedding ring is the Jemel or gunnion ring, consisting of two or more links, some plain, others elaborately ornamented and engraved with sacred inscriptions. Most curious in shape are the large and elaborately ornamented betrothal and marriage rings in use among the Jews. The summit of hoops is generally surmounted by a small temple or pyramid shaped tower opening upon a hinge and representing the ark of the covenant. They are made for the use of the synagogue, and are placed on the fingers of the couple at a certain part of the marriage rites.

Many romantic tales are connected with ring tokens. For Englishmen one of the most interesting ring tokens is that which Queen Elizabeth is said to have given to the Earl of Essex "in token of esteem," with the intimation that if he ever forfeited her favor and it should be sent back to her, the sight of it would insure his forgiveness.

Regard rings are of French origin. On them words are inscribed by means of the initials of the precious stones with which they are set.

The Prince of Wales on his marriage to the Princess Alexandra gave her a keeper a ring set with beryl, emerald, ruby, tourmaline, jacinth and emerald again, spelling thus his familiar name, Bertie.

Of remarkable rings there are several worthy of description. The gold signet ring of Mary Queen of Scots is one of them, and is described as being on the face with the motto, "in defense," and her initials, M. R. In the inner side of the seal, a crowned monogram is engraved, formed of the letters M. and A. (for Mary and Albany), referring to the title of Lord Darnley as Duke of Albany.

The ring of Henry, Lord Darnley, is also preserved in the South Kensington Museum. It bears the two initials, M. and H., united by a lover's knot. In the hoop is the name engraved, "Henri le Duc," and the year of the marriage, 1565.

Shakespeare's signet ring is of tolerably large size, and evidently a gentleman's ring of Elizabeth's time. No positive proof can be adduced as to the authenticity of the ring having belonged to Shakespeare, yet it is accepted as such, having been found in 1810 by a laborer's wife upon the surface near the mill adjoining Stratford churchyard. This ring is now in the Shakespeare Museum in the town.

The Poetry of Places.

Mr. Longfellow, who himself has lent the attraction of poetry to so many hills and streams and shores in his native land, and in Italy and Spain, has edited a collection of "Poems of Places." It is impossible, of course, to make a work of that sort exhaustive, and Mr. Longfellow has only attempted an itinerary of England. But a sentimental traveller may take singers for his guides, and follow Apollo Musagetes all over the world if he chooses. Not only has the charm of numberless scenes won some need of verse from strangers surprised by the beauty, or from dwellers grateful for the constant consolations, of nature, but there is something attractive and musical in the very names of many of the ancient homes of man. Here, in England, we are not, perhaps, altogether fortunate in these titles of districts, towns and rivers. But the earlier races have left in wild Wales, and in the marches and Cornwall, names full of the mystery and fascination of the unknown times. From Ramsgate, and Porlock, and Chertsey, to Ceilyddon the Forest, to Cader Idris, to Agned Cathregom, is a long road, all the way from natural matter of fact to natural poetry. The Celtic and possibly even earlier words suggest and inspire poetry, the Teutonic names only suffer themselves to be used with reluctance. Mr. Tennyson's idyls show what melody there is in the Cornish terms, and Scott's sonorous list of peaks and ravines where the hunted stag fled is an imperishable passage of poetry. Lord Macanlay's similar list, in the ballad of the Armada, has to deal with more stubborn stuff. The names are names of English homes and towers above the deep, the spirit of the song is high and free, but in the hill countries, where the older terms abide, there

lingers surely on mountain and moor a magical note, as it were, of the last sounds of Arthur's or of Roland's horn.

To use names of places so as to bring out their melody, and blend it with verse, has been thought the mark of a great poet. One thinks of Milton, and the melancholy which his muse lends to the titles of ancient cities, half forgotten in the distant East, "Memphis and Babylon, and either Thebes," to quote a poet who also felt the beauty of names. In Virgil and Homer, the lake Benacus, and the stream Cayster, and the withdrawn recesses where Niobe dwells, a woman of stone, and the mysterious Ogygia, and the mountains alive with the dances of the Spartan maidens—these and a hundred other places are preserved to all time. Mr. Matthew Arnold has lent the same kind of a charm to even the sands of Central Asia—to Bokhara, where the King lay sick in summer; to Oxus, "forgetting the bright speed he had," and to the shining of the stars on the Aral Sea. Indeed, wherever men may wander the genius of poetry has been before them, and has made strange places friendly, and familiar places, as it were, enchanted. Even at Dover, where Lord Byron only found an extortionate innkeeper; even at Dover, where the tide rolls the gravel on the beach, the sound seems to repeat now "Sophocles long ago heard it on the Aegean," and to recall that chorus, in which the words ring and reply, like the waves on a desolate coast. There is no way of escaping these recollections, and Mr. Longfellow has only helped our weak modern memories by collecting the poetry of places. His volumes are a kind of new necessity to the travellers in this country, especially, perhaps, to the American traveller, who finds fresh in England a hundred associations of home, which use has dulled to the inhabitants of the island. Without stirring from home, too, the reader can enjoy these "Travels by the Fireside," which Mr. Longfellow has himself described:—

Let other traverse sea and land
And tell through various climes,
I turn the world round with my hand,
Reading these poets' rhymes.

But that quiet mood is likely to end with the end of the bad weather which Mr. Longfellow beguiled with song, when "for three days past" the ceaseless rain had been falling. The fireside journey is all very well in the wet, and travellers are luckless who have to keep moving like Mr. Tennyson, when a "plague of rain beset him on the Lombard plain." But when the sun returns it is natural to leave the fireside, and follow, if possible, Drayton, and Scott, and Wordsworth, and Spenser up and down England.

There is a natural affinity between the poets in this new collection, and the places they best loved, and best liked to write about. The Fens, for example, were just the contrary for Crabbe, and the desolation where the rushes "bend their brown flowerets," where the poor dredger "drains the remnant of diluted gin," exactly suited his clear-eyed pedestrian muse. The Fens have that kind of poetry in their aspect, and the other poetry, too, of "wide-winged" sunsets, and of endless distance and melancholy, which Tennyson has found in Lincolnshire. Berkhamstead, in much the same way, was not too retired and simple for Cowper; and, in a good gabled house fronting the street, with a garden through which a rivulet ran, who could be happier or more in his element than Abraham Cowley?

Here, in no sordid poverty
And no tedious ease,
He braves the world, as I can defy
His frowns and fustian.

On the other hand, and by way of exception to the rule, Hampstead scarcely has been the birthplace of Keat's Ode to the Nightingale. Rather in an island of the Greek sea, or a garden of Damascus, he should have listened, while from her place in the clime, fresh foliage the daughter of Pandarus made her lament for Ithylus. It is a more natural coincidence which unites the names of Eton and of Gray. Oxford has her poet, and a very sweet and scholarly poet, in Mr. Norton; and it was hardly kind of Mr. Longfellow to sully the name of Magdalen College by association with some wretched slang doggerel by Mr. Flaubert, who has done for other places far better things. As we go north and west poets become more common, and Mr. Hawker seems as much at home on the fantastic and solemn coast of Cornwall as Coleridge in Wordsworth among their lakes and hills. In a contest of north and south the poets of England are strong on the former side. Who has written in so surly a mind of Tweed, and Till and Tyne—and why has Mr. Longfellow omitted "The ways are said from Till to Tyne"?—as Robert Herrick wrote of "Pretty, dull Devonshire,"

Dean-bourn, farwell, I never look to see
Deane or thy warty civility.

"Discontent in Devon, indeed," and warty civility of a sort which no poet has fanned in his heart to bestow on his north country.—*London Daily News.*

A Beautiful Thought.

When the summer of youth is slowly wasting away on the nightfall of age, and the shadow of the path becomes deeper, and life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our earlier years. If we have had a home to shelter and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have been gathered around four fireside, the rough places of wayfarer will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, and many dark spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy indeed are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their feeling, or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and so touching in the evening of their lives.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

It is a great evil not to be able to bear an evil.

Knife-wounds heal, but not those produced by words.

Passion costs too much to bestow it upon every trifle.

The master's eye will do more work than both his hands.

He who only half belongs to God is altogether the devil's.

If you have knowledge, let others light their candles at it.

Great talkers are like broken pitchers—everything runs out of them.

We learn much in affliction that we can be taught in no other school.

No joy in nature is so sublimely affecting as the joy of a mother at the good fortune of a child.

Nature makes us poor only when we want necessities, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

Indulgence is the mother of all sins, and the man who would conquer any other evil passion must begin with conquering this.

Where one wishes to injure persons, the first thing to do is to assume an air of great impartiality with regard to them.—*Douglas.*

An hour's industry will do more to excite cheerfulness, suppress evil humors, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's moaning.

Perseverance merits neither blame nor praise; it is only the duration of our inclinations and sentiments, which we can neither create nor extinguish.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 8, 1877.

A Visit to Tennessee.

After the labors and anxieties incident to the recent election, the senior editor of this paper took a brief respite in a visit to the picturesque and healthy region of East Tennessee.

We left the depot at Jacksonville at 1 o'clock on the 16th Aug. and arrived at Sweetwater depot about 9 o'clock the same evening, where we found Mr. Morrison awaiting with conveyance to Glenloch, six miles east, on Fork creek, where we arrived at 11 o'clock. Glenloch is the name of the Post Office located near the extensive Flouring Mills and stock farm of Mr. J. P. McCroskey. We spent several days very pleasantly in this neighborhood, visiting and partaking of the hospitality of our friends and relatives. Messrs. Henry McCroskey, Ap. Gallaher, Mr. McBride, Mr. Gaines and others. We made two brief visits to Fork Creek Academy, a new and convenient building recently erected near the residence of Mr. J. P. McCroskey. Prof. Ramsey is the present competent and deservedly popular Principal. It already contains 85 pupils, and speaks well for the intelligent and public spirited citizens of the neighborhood.

We next went by way of Craighead Mineral Springs, (of which we will speak more definitely in another article,) to Madisonville, the county seat of Monroe county, where we were the guest of Mr. Peck and his accomplished lady; visited the families of Mr. Joseph Houston, Thomas McCroskey, Esq., and others.

After our return to Glenloch, by invitation of Mr. J. P. McCroskey, we went with him in a buggy up to Blount and Knox counties, by way of Morgan and Maryville. We stayed the first night with Mr. James Porter, a relative of Mr. McCroskey's, two miles from Maryville; and although Mrs. Porter was absent at Nebo Springs, her place was admirably supplied by her amiable and accomplished daughter, Miss Florence Porter. Mr. Porter was an original Union man, but since the days of secession has gone heartily with and for his beloved South. From him we obtained much interesting information of the feeling and State of parties in Blount county.

The next day we went through Maryville, the most beautiful little city in East Tennessee, spending several hours with acquaintances and relatives. Maryville has been long noted for its institutions of learning, and in late years has had several fine Colleges erected. The last one designed for the benefit of negroes only, had contributed and collected for it by Yardey Warner, a Philadelphia Quaker, some \$50 or \$60,000. We could but think, if the object had been really charitable instead of fanatical, how much better the money could have been expended in the establishment of common schools in Alabama, Mississippi or Louisiana, where the negro population is more than two to one in Tennessee.

That day we dined four miles from Maryville on the Knoxville road, at the house of Mr. Thomas Clark, to whom Tennessee does not contain a more genial, generous, noble and true man; and we could not speak in terms too high of his excellent wife.

That evening we reached the former residence of R. F. Badgett, at the mouth of Little River, now occupied by his daughter, the widow of Dr. Russell and her brother Ransom. Here we were most cordially welcomed and kindly treated. On the way there the road passed through the old farm of our grandfather, Joshua Freeman. We stopped and took rather a melancholy walk over the ground where the old stone house formerly stood, around which clustered our earliest recollections. Not a vestige of any building remained. We also walked through the grave-yard near by, where had silently reposed for half a century, the remains of our grand father, grand mother, uncles, aunts and other relatives. It is now a tangled wild wood, and we were saddened by the reflection, that perhaps no living human being could now identify the graves.

The next day we went with a party in canoes down Little river and up and across the Holston to a sale of personal estate of Mr. Henry Badgett. Our vessel was rather narrow and tottering for comfort, especially as it was overloaded and contained two men who could not swim. While over there we dined at the old residence of Ransom Badgett, now occupied by a widowed daughter. Although we had not been in this house for sixty years, yet every thing seemed familiar.

The first night on our return home we stayed with our relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Wright George, who have been long noted for their kindness and hospitality. In the morning we left amid pressing invitation to stay, with which we could not comply on account of business and other engagements. That day we found the Tennessee river at Coates shoals, not a very safe or pleasant undertaking on account of width and swiftness of current; the river too had been maddened by recent rain, and we could not see the bottom. Our traveling companion, although he could not swim seemed less intimidated than we were; but the fact is, we were demoralized with the idea of having to swim out of that wide river with him or leaving him to drown.

On the south side, Mr. McCroskey had business with Mr. Davis, who owns a large river bottom farm. He was not at home, but at the urgent solicitation of his wife we stopped to rest and take dinner. We shall long gratefully remember the kindness and considerate attentions of this excellent lady.

On the intervening Sabbath, we listened to interesting sermons by Revs.

Solon and Edgar McCroskey of Monroe, and Rev. J. R. Graves, near Knoxville. In Tennessee the upland crops are not so good as in this country, in consequence of more protracted drought. On the river and creek bottoms there are heavy crops of corn.

In politics, we think we may safely say that East Tennessee is improving. Nearly all the old Union men now act cordially with the democratic party, and occasionally a thorough-bred Radical has come over far enough to call himself a Conservative. But it will take time to soften the political asperities and heal the personal animosities in a region where there were so many murders, robberies and outrages committed during and after the war.

It appears from the official returns on file in the War Department that on the 31st of May, 1863, the Army of Northern Virginia numbered, infantry, 54,326; cavalry, 9,536, and artillery, 4,460; of all arms, 68,322 effective. This was immediately before the invasion of Pennsylvania, and may be regarded as representing the maximum of General Lee's army in the Gettysburg campaign. On the 20th of July, 1863, after the return of General Lee to Virginia, his army numbered 41,358 effective, exclusive of the cavalry corps, of which no report is made in the return of the date last mentioned. Allowing 7,622, at fair estimate for the cavalry, the effective total of the army on the 20th of July was 49,000. It appears, therefore, that General Lee's loss in the Pennsylvania campaign was about nineteen thousand.

The New York Sun says it is an extraordinary struggle that has been carried on for many days, between the Russians and Turks, in the Shipka Pass of the Balkan mountains. Both sides have received heavy reinforcements during the progress of the long struggle; and both have fought with the greatest ardor and with the greatest success. The position is of extreme importance to both armies. If the Russians lose it, the armies in Bulgaria will be driven back to the Danube. If not across the Danube, the Turkish army will be driven back to the Danube. If the Turkish army is driven back to the Danube, the Russian army will be driven back to the Danube. The struggle is of extreme importance to both armies.

It is not surprising that the South are outraged and disgusted by the performance of the supply key during the New England trip of the fraudulent President. We are sure that the feeling of the South is not different. This wicked rascal is playing the part of a whipped spaniel, as if he liked the business. He takes the patronizing of Hayes with canine humility; just as he greedily devoured the bait, in the way of offensive office, through him the same man, whose right to his office he had denominated.

The bitterest wars, are civil wars, but they have this advantage over those fought between foreign peoples: When they are over, and the blood is healed, it is most essentially healed—both parties to the contest, enjoy as a common heritage the valor displayed by each in the repeated strife. The victor always desires submission in the vanquished; and the conquered accepts the terms of the success full party without humiliation. He has tried, and he has failed.

In the case of this craven Kny, there is no need except the need of blood and lustre—his lying down in the dust to spit upon, has his all the rights and privileges of any other American citizen. No Northern man asks him to put on sackcloth and ashes; for unless he is brought to his knees in the way of prayer, he has no occasion to be ashamed of having done what he did, wrong, unchristianlike, unwise, and unwarranted as we think it.

Now, Bob, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holidays. Don't be afraid. Ask your father to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come. It's only thirty miles. The two Presidents, George and Will, are here to be made farmers of; and brother Nick is took home from school, to help the agriculture. We like farming very much, it's capital. The four have got a gun and go out shooting; it's a famous good one, and sure to go off if you don't fall cock it. Tiger is to be shot, dog, as soon as he leaves off killing sheep. He's real savage, and warms cars beautifully. Before he comes down we mean to bait one bull with him. There's plenty of new rivers around here, and we're going a fishing, as soon as we've mended the top joint. We're a party, too, to ride on, when we can catch him; but he's loose now, and has neither name nor tail, to signify to lay hold of. Isn't it prime, Bob? You must come.

If your mother won't give your father leave to allow you to come, then you must turn up Gussell street to go to Lincolnshire, and ask for Middlefen Hall. There's a pond full of frogs, but we won't let them till you come, but let it be before Sunday, as there's our own school to look and the fruit is gathered on Monday. If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where all the hens lay, and mother don't; and I'm bound there's lots of birds' nests. Do come, Bob, and I'll show you the wages next and anything that can make you comfortable. I dare say you could borrow your father's volunteer musket of him without his knowing anything about it; but be sure anyhow to bring the raincoat, as you might get drenched by kicking the grooms hat off of his head.

At a Harrison county, Ky., wedding, we are informed, the bride danced several charming reels within a circle of three or four in diameter. She changed shoes once on account of her new ones not sounding right against the floor. The prompter gave the very unique command during the dance, "Back to the right, back to the left, back to the right, back to the left." At the winding up of the dance the bride showed her ability by kicking the grooms hat off of his head.

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A Touching Poem.

The following beautiful home-circle poem is intended for the family circle. It is founded upon an incident where a rich neighbor offered to make a family comfortable, and provide for the child, if one of the seven was given to him. Some one who has felt the pangs of poverty, and yet been a father, with all the deep and holy feelings of a parent, has clothed it in a poetical attire, and breathed into it a spirit of love, devotion and faith that will find a holy response in the breast of every father and mother or blessed with little pledges of affection—be they one or seven.

Which shall it be? which shall it be? I looked at John—John looked at me. (Dear patient John, who loves me yet as well as the 'old' locks were jet.) And when I found that I was speaking, My voice seemed strangely low and weak; "Tell me again what Robert said?" And then I blushing bent my head. This is his letter:

A house and land while you shall live, I'll return, from out your seven, One child to me for aye is given. I looked at John's old garment worn, I thought of all that John had borne Of poverty and work and care, Which, though willing, could not spare; And then I said:

"Come John," said I, "I'll give Asleep, so, walking hand in hand, Dear John and I surveyed our land, First to the cradle light stepped Where Lillian, the baby slept. A glory 'gaud the baby white; Softly the father stooped to lay His rough hand on the baby's head, And one long ray of lamplight shone Athwart the boyish face there. I stepped so pitiful and fair; 'Twas as if I were a mother's care, And I said: 'Come, my child, and see, A tear unbidden, ere John could speak, 'Twas but a baby, too,' said I, And kissed him as we hurried by. Only a mother's heart can know, Patient enough for such a joy, And so, said John, 'I would not dare To send him from my bedside now. Then I said: 'Come, my child, and see, A tear unbidden, ere John could speak, 'Twas but a baby, too,' said I, And kissed him as we hurried by. Only a mother's heart can know, Patient enough for such a joy, And so, said John, 'I would not dare To send him from my bedside now. 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Advertising Agents

No. 37 Park Row

NEW YORK,

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[illegible]

the system and prolongs life. Physicians should have it. For the cure of indigestion, Gout, Rheumatism, Dropsy, of the Stomach, and for all cases of ascites. This wine includes the most exact and the most efficacious combination of Magnetic Oils, combined with the energetic of vegetable tonics. - Yellow Fever, Typhoid.

Do you want something to strengthen your system?

Do you want a good appetite?

Do you want to get rid of nervousness?

Do you want energy?

Do you want to sleep well?

Do you want to feel well?

Do you want to build up your condition?

Do you want to feel well?

Do you want a brisk and vigorous feeling?

If you do, try Kavalon, a British Wine, which is only equalled by the French Cognac.

Beware of counterfeits, see Kavalon.

Wine of Iron is the only sure and safe remedy for the cure of all cases of weakness of the system, and of all cases of Iron-pain and Indigestion, and of all cases of Indigestion.

I would caution the community to be sure to purchase the genuine article manufactured by E. F. Kunze and having it sealed on the cork of every lot. The very fact that others are attempting to imitate this remedy proves its worth and speaks volume for its favor. Sold by druggists and in bottles for 25¢. Try this valuable medicine and be convinced of its merits. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere.

Tape Worm Removed.

Head and all complete in two hours. Note the head and pieces of tape worm.

Worms removed by Dr. Kunze's Worm Syrup. Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Send for circular with a treatise on all kinds of worms and a full description of the medicine. Dr. Kunze's Worm Syrup, which will do the work for \$1.00. It never fails to remove all the worms from children or grown persons. *Worm*

—Maize Flour Toilet Soap!—
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—Maize Flour Toilet Soap!—

A great discovery!—A new soap created by scientific methods, which softens the skin, is excellent for treating all skin diseases, and is equally suited for the bath, nursery, and general toilet. It is delightfully perfumed, and sold everywhere at a moderate price. Registered in France, Office, 1526, by the manufacturers, *MAIZE FLOUR SOAP CO.*

The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co.
OF PHILADELPHIA
PURELY MUTUAL
 Incorporated in 1847. Assets \$5,500,000.
 SAMUEL C. HUEY, President.
 The PENN is strictly mutual, its surplus is returned to its members every year, thus giving the

forfeitable for their value.
 Endowment Policies issued at Life Rate.
 Agents wanted. Apply to
 H. S. STEPHENS, Vice-President
 DYKES' BEARD ELIMINATOR
 DOES IT, AND WILL DO IT FOR YOU. BE-
 COME A BEARD REMOVER. NO PAIN, NO
 AND BEARD, having used for 1 1/2 years
 injury. It is applied to the face and
 of alcohol. It takes with it every bit
 of it. SMITH & SON, U. S. Agents

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valuable paper in every household to receive its circulation in all sections of the Union of the entire editions of the report, the price of which will vary. A **REMARKS**, of the "n," whereby we are enabled to offer each copy to subscribers immediately for sale.

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ington's own hand writing. Twenty copies of this most wonderful of Congress.

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a magnificent book. Large octavo, and gold stamp.

3.00

Little Children,

and publication in the United States. 16 pages. 160 pictures, sixty of them by the Little Ones.

1.50

Weekly in the country. The favorite correspondents in every portion of the annual of the doings of the world.

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by us when the remittance is sent to us. Their names at the office of publication.

FORNEY,

PROPRIETOR.

Philadelphia

Jacksonville Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XII.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1877.

WHOLE NO. 2109.

THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

F. & L. W. GRANT.

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For three months in advance.....50 00

For one month in advance.....15 00

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NOON IN THE WOODS.

The calmness of this noontide hour,
The shadow of this wood,
The fragrance of each wilding flower,
Are marvellously good!
O, here crazed spirits breathe the balm
Of nature's solitude.

It is a most delicious calm
That resteth everywhere,
The holiness of soul-sung psalm,
Of felt but voiceless prayer!
With hearts too full to speak their bliss
God's creatures silent are.

They silent are; but not the less
In this most tranquil hour
Of deep, unbroken dreaminess,
They own that love and power
Which, like the softest sunshine, roasts
On every leaf and flower.

[From the Haddonfield Asteroid.]

Max Vernon's "School Marm."

BY LILIAN LESTRANGE.

"Well, Guy, I'm in luck at last!"

quoth Max Vernon.

"How, my boy?" queried his friend.

"Didn't I tell you? I've been jilted,"

was the careless rejoinder.

"Nay, proceed, I'm all ears," and Guy

Clinton threw himself back in his

chair, preparing to listen attentively.

"I suppose you heard that I was en-

gaged to the rich and beautiful Miss

Milroy; but she soon grew tired of me

and threw me overboard for a wealthier

suitor," was the half sneering reply.

"Then he continued, "So I am tired of

these faithless women, and have at last

found a place where I can spend the

summer in peace and not see one of the

opposite sex except the landlady, who is

old and ugly, besides being married

—so I won't lose my heart and 'pop

the question' to her."

Though the words were spoken lightly

enough, a keen observer might have

detected a little hidden pain in the mel-

low voice.

"Poor fellow," and Guy patted his

shoulder pattingly. "He doesn't seem

'munch the worse for wear.' But I'll

wager that before you have been here

a month you'll give your heart to some

sly country girl. And now, where is

this paragon of excellence—a male

boarding house?"

"Up the river a piece, at the desolate

little town of Vermouth. I selected

that place, not because of its loneliness,

but for the splendid hunting and fish-

ing there. Come up and stay awhile

when you have time."

"Thanks. I shall most certainly avail

myself of the invitation," was Guy's

reply; then glancing at his watch he

added: "And now I must be off, as I

have an engagement at three, and it

is a quarter to that time now. Good-

bye, and don't commit yourself to the

landlady," and he walked rapidly away.

Max did not move, but thrust his

head in his hands. If Shakespeare had

only written "in bachelor meditation

fancy free," it could most certainly be

quoted here.

It was a dreary, desolate place that

Max Vernon came to the next day. Not

a house was in sight, and the young

man walked about a mile before he

came to his place of abode, a large,

roomy, old-fashioned farmhouse, situ-

ated on a high hill, and where the cool

breeze was wafted from the river be-

low.

Max "slept the sleep of the just" that

night, and awoke the next morning

feeling greatly refreshed. Hurrying

through his breakfast he took his gun

and went off in search of game, only re-

turning to dinner, when, horrors, Mrs.

Graham (the landlady) informed him

that "there wuz no wimen folks no-

where about the house except the school

would be frightened if they saw a

strange face.

Then he wondered who this pretty

girl could be. Doubtless she lived down

in the village.

But as he was going towards the

house in the evening, what was his sur-

prise to see the girl he had seen in the

woods just entering the door.

At supper they were introduced, and

Max said, looking into the dark eyes,

"I believe I've met Miss Winters be-

fore."

Dora looked up into the handsome

face with amazement, and Max, smil-

ing at the blushing countenance, told

her all that he had seen in the woods.

"Yes, we were just coming home

from school and the children wanted to

stop and gather some flowers, and as I

knew it would not be dark for some

time I consented," Dora explained.

"And are you the school marm—

teacher, I mean?" said Max, getting

rather rather red at his mistake.

She smiled at his surprised face.

"Why, Mr. Vernon, I really like

teaching the children—they are so nice

and good."

After tea Dora sang many gay little

songs in her clear, sweet voice. Max

was charmed with her. She was so

fresh and winning to him, accustomed

to the drawing room belles.

Weeks passed away, and one after-

noon Max was surprised at seeing Guy

Clinton—perhaps he was not as glad as

he would have been a month ago.

No more tete-a-tetes with Dora Win-

ters, whom he had come to regard as

"A perfect woman nobly planned."

He walked, rode, read and sang with

her, and though he thought he did not

love her, yet he did not want any one

to step into his place.

But he welcomed his friend cordially,

and the summer days glided pleasantly

by, and Max Vernon was angry and

pained to hear Guy tell him he was in

love with Miss Winters and was going

to propose.

Why was it then that his own heart

beat so wildly? For Max Vernon was

surely not a woman lover.

Guy had that afternoon asked Miss

Winters to go out boating, and she had

consented.

It was a bright day in September,

but suddenly, when they were far out

on the river, a violent storm arose, and

the sky became dark and heavy.

Max, with an undefined dread in his

heart which he could not account for,

hurried down to the river side, and

straining his eyes saw, far out, a small

boat rocking from side to side.

There was nothing to do except to

wait. Then suddenly a thought struck

him. Neither knew how to swim, and

both would be drowned.

He hurried to the small boat house

near by and got a boat, in spite of all

the fishermen's remonstrance.

"It is a matter of life and death," he

said, "and if you will not go with me I

must go alone."

So the man got in with him, and they

rowed out to where they could see the

white speck. Max rowed quickly to-

ward it and saw Dora Winters there

alone.

"I will help you in a minute," he

shouted hoarsely, and in a little while

he had taken her from the small boat,

had lots of beaux in the city, and she is

just as sweet and pretty as she can be.

Max Vernon agreed with the last

sentence.

French Teachers.

Female lay teachers in France are, it must be acknowledged, very greatly inferior to the lady teachers in the United States. It is said that in England when a man has failed at every-

thing else he becomes a coal merchant. We should not dream of applying this remark to French ladies as regards school-teaching. At the same time, it is an established fact that the French girls' schools which are managed by nuns, and especially those of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, are far above the other female educational establish-

ments. Most of the male lay teachers are appointed from the primary normal schools which exist in the chief town of every department; and it is a note-

worthy fact that the majority of them are ardent Republicans, notwithstanding the fact that during the Empire every effort was made to win them over to the imperial side. In every normal and primary school was the bust of Napoleon, and a liberal distribution took place of the famous *Journal des Instituteurs*, every paragraph of which, political or educational, was dressed up in Napoleonic attire. Possibly some of the lay primary school teachers have adopted republicanism out of a spirit of natural opposition to their old adversa-

ries and competitors, the *instituteurs congreganistes*. Of these, too, a word must be said. While in the secondary clerical schools most of the instructors are Jesuits, in the primary schools the members of which, without taking the vows and assuming a life long engage-

ment, agree, nevertheless, to remain single, to submit to the discipline of the society, and to wear the ecclesiastical dress. Strict Ultramontanists, these brethren have been somewhat un-

justly nicknamed the *freres Ignorantins*. Living as they do in common, with but few wants, and receiving, whenever the require it, pecuniary aid from the wealthy party to which they belong, they are satisfied with a rate of pay less than one-half that of the lay teachers, and are thus preferred in a large num-

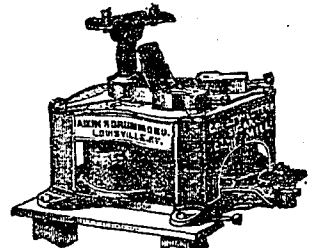
ber of communes on the simple ground of economy. Their plan of instruction is the same as that adopted in the secular primary schools, except that religious instruction and exercises, of course, play a larger part with them than their lay brethren. The ultra radicals, who in a large measure control the educational appropriations in the Town Council, are bitterly opposed to any portion of the public instruction remaining in the hands of the clerical element, and their most strenuous efforts are used to have all these congregational schools of both sexes closed.

They would concentrate the entire national educational system under the control of a body of lay teachers to be paid by the towns and by the State. In these views they are supported by the Republican party, while the dergy have on their side the majority of the Senate. Whether the absence of clerical competition would be likely to prove advantageous or not to the secular educational establishments, we shall not attempt to say, but certain it is that the long continuance of this bitter feud between the two parties has been anything but conducive to the educational progress of France.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Raising Wives.

Every one knows of the book "Sanford and Merton," but only a few are acquainted with the following anecdote of its author, Thomas Day: He thought that to secure a wife after his own heart he would bring one up himself. He accordingly took from a charity school two orphan sisters, with a view of marrying the one who turned out to be the best, after

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Barb.
Do you want something to strengthen you?
Do you want a good appetite?
Do you want to get rid of nervousness?
Do you want energy?
Do you want to sleep well?
Do you want to laugh and enjoy your company?
Do you want a brisk and vigorous life?
Do you try Kunkel's Iron Tonic?
Only one of these can be true.
Beware of counterfeits, as Kunkel's Iron
Tonic of Iron is the only one and is recom-
mended by the highest authorities for the
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number of imitations offered to de-
stroy it. I would like to see the man who
chase none but the genuine article, and
traded by E. F. Kunkel, and having as
evidence the copy of the *Medical Record*,
where others are attempting to imitate this
remedy, prove its worth and speaks of
its use for its value in 51 bottles
bottles for \$5. Try this valuable tonic
and be convinced of its merits. Sold by druggists

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

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CHOOSING A NAME.

I have got a new-born sister: I was high the first that kissed her. When the nursing woman brought her To papa, his infant daughter, How papa's dear eyes did glisten! She will shortly be to christen! And papa has made the offer I shall have the naming of her. Now I wonder what would please her, Charlotte, Julia or Louisa? And Mary, they're too common; Joe's too formal for a woman; Jane's a prettier name beside; But we had a Jane that died. They would say, 'twas Rebecca. That she was a little Quaker. Edith's pretty, but that looks better in old English books. Ellen's left off long ago; Blanche is out of fashion now. None that I have named as yet. Are so good as Margaret. Emily is neat and fine. What do you think of Caroline? How I'm puzzled and perplexed. What to choose or think of next! I am in a little fever. Let the name that I shall give her, Should disgrace her or defame her, I will leave papa to name her.

My Summer Journey.

"If he cannot love me when he hears I am a poor shop girl, he cannot love me at all."

All very well in theory, but very poor in practice. I told up Fred Langley's offer of marriage, and set down to write him that, before he makes any further plans, with me for one of them, he must know that I am one of those superfluous beings, a girl who came into this world with no especial place prepared for her; that I have clerked at Sharp & Sulper's ever since I was seventeen—and I am now twenty-three; that I have two young sisters depending on me for support, growing up in gawky, ill-clad ugliness, a shade plainer than myself even.

Somewhat, when I first met him at that pleasant summer resort, the first breath I had had out of Sharp & Sulper's store for two years, I was so happy, I forgot to mention the scrubbing life I had left behind me at home, and I was so sick of poverty and third-rate people that I was glad to forget it.

How should he, being a man, know that the dress I wore had been turned twice; that I trimmed my bonnet myself; that the diamond ring I wore I had borrowed from my married sister, being the unvalued relic of some forgotten lover of hers; that the beauty he said was in my face was due to my happiness in his society. For I think the old saying, "Be good, and you will be happy" ought to be reversed.

How did he know that charming naïveté of mine was learned trying to induce customers to buy?

Old Sulper always says when he expects to sell a large bill of goods to a customer:

"Let Miss Joe manage him; she can smile the dollars out of his pockets, if any one can."

So I smile and smile, and yet I am no villain, for they are enforced and impudent smiles for bread and butter.

How round and rosy I grew in those few weeks of ecstatic joy! What lovely walks and rides we had up and down the wood paths and ravines! What charming sails through the dells, through the Witch's Gulch, and about the Devil's Elbow.

How brilliant and agreeable, and how handsome my Fred was! Dare I call him my Fred before he knows that I clerk at Sharp & Sulper's?

I am no strong-minded woman! I frankly confess that I do not like to take care of myself. I am no clinging vine, however, having never had anything to cling to. I have grown up straight and stiff all by myself, like a weed in the middle of a bare, ten-acre lot.

Perhaps I will not make such a bad wife, after all. I am a good house-keeper, and have been no trouble or expense to any one since I can remember. I do not see why I should be so very much trouble now, even with my two sisters thrown in for ballast. Still, Fred must know all about the poverty and ingenuities, and make up his mind accordingly. So I wrote a great many sheets of paper writing an answer that shall be frank and truthful, and yet lady-like.

I inform him, in the most genteel manner, that he must marry three when he leads me to the altar.

I send it off in a pink envelope, my heart beating a painful tattoo, as I think of his elegant sister he has described to me, and of him, a rising young lawyer, and a member of the legislature.

I piece down my sister Sophia's one-summer silk for her, that I bought at such a bargain, thinking peradventure there may be a wedding soon. I do not mind when she comes home late from the picnic with my best sash drenched and soaked through, my lace fichu torn, and her toes through both her boots, and creeps into bed beside me. I hug her in my arms instead, with that hungry, unsatisfied longing I always have for kisses and caresses; but she only says, "You strangle me, Jo, you soft, mushy thing!" and moves along out of my reach.

My name was never Jo, but I have always been called this on account of my enforced manly accomplishments.

For a week I sing about the house like a lark; the next week I do not sing so much; the next week I do not sing at all, but go out, heavy-eyed and slow, and burst into tears when May sits

down to the old, faint-hearted piano and begins to storm away at "Il Bacio," Fred's favorite waltz, and mine.

I might have known all the time he would never answer that letter; it has always been my luck. Let me see how many lovers I have had.

There was No. 1, waiting on me when my father died of heart disease and left me penniless at seventeen. He came to see me after the funeral, and told me that he had great sympathy and respect for me, and that he should never marry unless it was some poor girl thrown on her own resources, and with no one to take care of her, as he thought that was the true way for a true gentleman to do; and with these sentiments he bowed himself out for the last time.

Most heavenly philosophy! But then he married the same year, the daughter of a wealthy man, who had never done anything harder in her life than curl her front hair over slate pencils.

Then there was the young man who wrote poetry, and threatened to die or shoot himself when I refused him—this was years ago. He is now in good health, with a wife and two children; but I always hated men who wrote poetry.

Then there was Judge Featherby. He visited me for a year, and said he loved me; but something he dignified by the name of pride forbade him from saying anything more, and I have been heartily glad since that he was ashamed of me.

But the thought of none of these well-disposed and settled gentlemen makes the non-arrival of that letter any easier for me. I get weary and cross; my chest is getting weak, and I get faint and dizzy by spells.

Some days, when I stand at the lace counter waiting on some fashionable lady who is pricing this and cheapening that, I think I shall fall over in a dead faint from sheer exhaustion. Women are so much harder to suit than men, and, ten to one, go picking over everything and go out without buying anything, very likely, because so few of them, poor things, have any money of their own to spend.

The fall winds come, and I walk over beds of fallen leaves; then that long, awful winter of 1874 I was through high drifts and through storms that take my breath away, to reach Sharp & Sulper's.

Sophia, the oldest of my sisters, is doing this winter, as I get up and build the fire at five with numb fingers, so as to get to the store at seven. Before the spring opens, that she so longs to see, poor, patient, hard-working Sophias dies.

Anticipating the life that was before her, I have tried to instill into her the principle that work is her end and aim, and that she must not expect anything beyond in the life of a woman who is both poor and unbecoming.

She had done most of the cooking and all of the housework for us three, while I have been at Sharp & Sulper's, and May has been at school.

I have come home, worn out and fretful, to help what I can by snatches.

She has had about half of what she ought to have had to eat, and about a third of what she ought to have had to wear. Well, she is at rest now, and has gone where "all hearts are filled," and I stay where hearts are hollow.

I close her eyes; lay her out in the summer silk that should have graced our wedding; take the seventy-five dollars I have laid away in the bank, to buy her a coffin and pay the funeral expenses.

About this time there came a legacy of a few hundreds from an old uncle of ours. I send May off to school with this, determined that she shall not be like Sophia. I am left alone. I do my own work. I eat my solitary meals, satisfied with lonely tears. I have ceased to hope ever to hear from Fred now.

The June days have come again, hot and long. There is sunshine without rest. I look at the glass—I am all eyes; my face is sharpening out, my collar bones protrude. I am getting waspy and thin; so much for putting my trust in man.

Old Sulper looked at me to-day, even kindly, and said:

"Miss Jo, you must have a vacation of a week or so; this hot weather in the country will do you good, and you can work the better on your return."

So I thanked him, thinking sadly that no trip in the country can make me happy now; that I am heir henceforth only to woman's undisputed legacy, tears, and longing after the love and appreciation she will never receive.

The big-hearted manager of the road, who is acquainted with me, has given me a pass to St. Paul and return. I care little which way I go, and have selected this route because it passes through the town where Fred Langley lives. Though I half despise him for his fickleness, still I have a woman's curiosity to ride through his city, even though I can only catch a glimpse of his office windows.

I got me a brown poplin traveling dress. I find that old maids generally have a brown poplin, and the older they get the more colors they wear, especially scarlet. I have always hated red. I cannot see my way clear just yet to putting it on my bonnet, so I get a more youthful bunch of pale blush rose buds for my hat.

One hot, bright July day I set out on my lonely trip; once seated in the train by the open window my spirits rise, for I always did love to ride on the cars; there is a pleasant rush and excitement about them that pleases me; we are flying so fast, so fast, through white towns

and over bridges and out into the vast Wisconsin prairies—so smooth and rolling, like those of Illinois and Iowa, but rough and jagged, full of rocks and ragged thickets, with little cabins set down here and there like birds' nests in the grass; flocks of ragged children troop out of these and stare at the passengers—the dear, little, dirty creatures!

What an inventory they take of my Milwaukee bonnet and dusty suit. Here is a field starred with swamp lilies, scarlet lobelias and wild asters. How I long to get out and gather them. I see by the towns on my ticket, and I know by the warning whistle, that we are within a mile of Fred's home. The big manufacturing town is already in sight; the sand and sawdust and coal smoke is flying. Of course I have my head and shoulders out of the window, and with my eyes and mouth full of cinders, I am gaping wildly about me. The train grates, jars and stops. The usual number of women with boxes, budgets and parasols bundle off the train. The Teachers' Association is held here this week, and a tribe of lank, sharp-nosed, hungry-faced women get off also, teacher written all over them, from their ugly hats to their ugly shoes.

Can I believe my eyes? Who is that that steps up and shakes hands with two of the lankest, most wizened, old-maidest of them all but my darling Fred, with a smile as sweet as the morning; he takes their satchels and shawls and turns to the lady who is with him, whom I know by the elegance of her dress and a certain high bred sweetness about her, is his sister. The oldest old maid says:

"So kind in you, Mr. Langley, to meet us. We should have been quite bewildered in this place. So good in you to take so much trouble."

"No trouble—most happy!" but he says it rather languidly.

He glances up at the window, and in spite of cinders and soot, my caved in bonnet, my hair all flying and my cheeks burning like live coal, he knows me and drops the satchels.

"Take the shawls a moment, sis," I hear him say, and in another second he is on the train, leaning over my seat with my hand held tightly in his, and asking me a dozen questions in a breath.

"I am going to St. Paul," is all I have time to answer, and he replies, "Good-bye, Mignon, I will see you again," and he is off the cars as the bell begins to ring.

I catch one more glimpse of him as the train moves off, helping his sister and the old maids with their satchels and their ankles like axe-helves, into the carriage; I see him take the front seat beside the one with the red poppies in her bonnet, take the reins, and the horses are off like birds. How I envy that old maid, though she has a wart on her nose and looks like a last year's mule skin.

Something gets into my throat and chokes me, and I refuse the orange the man in the next seat offers me. Something chokes me all the way to St. Paul.

It may be the green peach I have eaten; but I think it is that old maid.

Why did I let him speak me so familiarly, and call me "Mignon," his old name for me? Why did I not pull my hand away?

I busy myself with such thoughts as these until we have crossed the boundary line and have entered Minnesota; here the scene gets wilder and wilder, the broad Mississippi winds lazily along at the foot of its tall bluffs, with trees toppling uncomfortably along their steep sides; close to the car windows great walls of rock rise, oh, so high up in the air! The train balances dizzily along like a rope walker over high skeleton bridges and ledges of limestone rock, where it seems as if the least jar would send us down, down, I dare not think how far.

I ride along in a sort of mist until we reach St. Paul. What a queer, elevated town it is! As if every house in it had climbed up and sat down on the top of a hill. I get out in a pouring rain, greatly to the detriment of my bones. I stop at one of the grandest hotels there, the Metropolitan, and say to myself spitefully:

"I will enjoy myself once, though I starve the rest of the year."

Rather a dreamy magnificence, however, for I get tired the first day wandering up and down the parlors and long halls. I grow restless the second day and want to go home. As to Minneapolis Falls, what a muddy fall to come so far to see! I grow so tired of the strange faces and the scenery that by the third day my brilliant summer debut is getting to be unbearable, when a boy brings up a card with Fred Langley's name engraved upon it.

I try not to make indecent haste down into the parlor, but somehow my feet will take me two stairs at a time.

Fred is there with an open letter and a pink envelope in his hand, which I see by close scrutiny is my poor old letter, written a year ago, telling him about my sisters.

The sight of it angers me beyond expression. I snatch at it fiercely. Fred holds the letter out of my reach, and catches me in his arms instead, bestowing upon me some of the old time kisses, whose forgotten sweetness I had trained myself to believe I should never feel again.

"Did you think me so mean, sordid, unmanly," he asked, "as not to answer your letter? It was lost, and was never found until yesterday, and I came as soon as the train would fetch me to answer it in person."

I ask no questions; I only lay my weary head down on his shoulder, and

cry out my overburdened heart upon his bosom.

It is not until afternoon, when we are driving in a nice carriage to Minneapolis Springs, near Minneapolis, the noise of St. Anthony's Falls in my ears, that I venture to say:

"How in the world did you ever lose that letter?"

"Well, you see, sister took it from the postman and put it upon the high mantle, where it slipped up against the wall and she forgot all about it, and, being a bit of a woman like yourself, she never noticed the edge above the mantle, nor any one else, until this week two rather oldish lady teachers came to spend a few days with us, and one of them, while looking for nick-nacks on this shelf, discovered and brought to light your letter."

"Did she have red poppies in her bonnet and a wart on her nose?" I inquired, eagerly.

"Yes; on the whole I believe she had." Heaven bless that old maid!

The Industrial Classes in Turkey.

The Pall Mall Gazette of July 23 says:

"Seven or eight years ago the Foreign Office obtained several reports from British Consuls in Turkey on the condition of the industrial classes in that country. Mr. J. C. Colver, then in charge of the consular district of Monastir, sent home interesting details as to the industrial and economic circumstances of the agricultural laborers. The Province (sanjak) of Monastir, on the frontier of Albania, contains a population of about 922,000 souls, 536,000 Christians, and 386,000 Mohammedans. It is reckoned that about 200,000 are adult males between the ages of 18 and 50. The agricultural laborers are divisible into three classes all of whom are Christians: 1. Partner laborers; they provide the cattle and undertake the labor and cost of cultivating the farm, the landlord finding the seed. The produce is halved on the threshing-floor; then the laborer, by conveying the landlord's share to the granary, completes the engagement. 2. Farm laborers, who are engaged by the year, and work entirely for the landlord. Instead of wages all in money, they receive a stipulated quantity of grain and other necessities. This payment in kind varies with the locality. For instance, in the district (casas) of Monastir the allowance equals 68½ to 77½ English bushels of grain, partly Indian corn and partly rye, and 15 to 17 shillings in cash, (or 100 piastres) the value fluctuating with the currency. In the district of Perpete the allowance is simply 73 bushels of wheat. More varied recompense awaits the laborer in the district of Kiuipilli, his wage consisting of 45½ bushels of grain, rye, barley and millet; 32½ pounds of salt, half an ox-hide for sandals, half a horse-load of leeks or cabbages, 9 shillings to 13 shillings 6 pence in money, and sleeping-room rent free. 3. The 'fixed-charge man,' the term which Mr. Colver-Chalver offers as the equivalent of 'kessendji,' resemble the partner laborers in every respect except in the division of the year's produce, for they agree to give the landlord a certain fixed quantity of crops, irrespective of their actual yield. All of these three classes are free on the completion of their agreement with one landlord to engage themselves with another, unless, indeed, they have contracted a debt to their landlord, when the condition of the laborer becomes one of quasi-serfage, from which, under adverse circumstances, the toll of a life time falls to extricate him; in not a few cases the debt becomes hereditary. The laborers, excepting this last unfortunate portion of them, both men and women are well clothed. Their undergarments are home-made, of English cotton twist, woven by the women into substantial cloth, the stout woolen stuff of which their outer garments and their thick socks consist is also home-made. The women's cotton clothing is elaborately embroidered in brilliant colors with home-dyed wool. Buffalo hide sandals are worn on working days; on holidays those who can afford it wear red leather shoes."

The most fallacious ideas prevail respecting leisure. People are always saying: "I would do so and so if I had a little leisure. Now, there is no condition in which the chance of doing is less than the condition of leisure. The man fully employed may be able to gratify his good disposition by improving himself or his neighbors, or serving the public in some useful way; but the man who has all his time to dispose of as he pleases, has but a poor chance indeed of doing so. To do, in creases the capacity of doing, and it is far less difficult for a man who is in a habitual course of exertion to exert himself a little more for an extra purpose, than for the man who does little or nothing to put himself in motion for the same end."

Let no one cry for leisure that he may be able to do anything. Let him rather pray that he may never have leisure. If he really wishes to do a good thing he will always find time to do it, by properly arranging his other employments.

There is a reluctance in everything to be set a-going, but when that is got over, then everything goes smoothly enough. In fact, it may be said that to ask for leisure or time to do an ordinary thing, is equivalent to a confession that we are indifferent about doing it.

A Good Indian Story.

A party of five amateur huntsmen left the city yesterday for the mountains, to be gone about a month, and another party of four returned home yesterday. The latter had intended to stay out longer, but the Indians in their vicinity began to grow exceedingly saucy, and to make demands for small things in a tone which, it was thought, indicated that they might, if provoked, help themselves, and the hunters therefore broke camp, intending to stop awhile at a point near home, but after they got on the back track they came through without much delay. Speaking of the Indians, the party tell a funny story of their main camp. One hot day one of them went to a creek not far distant to have a bath, taking with him his rifle. He had removed his garments down to his red flannel underclothing on the bank of the stream, when he heard the brush cracking, and thinking perhaps the noise was made by a deer or other large animal, he deployed himself as a skirmisher and cautiously began investigating. He had not long to wait, for a moment later he observed a figure dodging from tree to tree, rifle in hand, and evidently watching him. It flashed through his mind that he was being followed by an Indian bent on mischief, and his heart rose to his throat so that he could almost taste it as thoughts of home forced themselves upon him. He determined that he would fight to the last, however, and, braced by this determination, advanced upon the enemy. The latter was evidently not prepared for such tactics, for he retreated, faster and faster, and finally threw down his gun and ran. The Sacramentan, fearing that this was only a piece of strategy to lead him into an ambush, returned to the creek, donned his garments and hurried to the camp. There he found a member of the party who had just come in from hunting relating to the other two members how he also had experienced some trouble with Indians, one of whom he said followed him two or three miles, and he had only escaped from him by striking him over the head with his gun. This, he went on to say, broke the stock in two, the barrel flew into the chapparal, and he did not deem it worth while to wait and search for it, when the Indians might attack the camp at any moment. The man who had been to the creek began to feel a suspicion that two members of that hunting party had been making fools of themselves, and he quietly inquired: "What did he look like?" Look like? You've heard of them being called red devils; well, this fellow was one of them! He was stripped right to the skin, and was bareheaded, and had painted himself just as red as blood. You needn't laugh; 'twasn't anything to laugh at. It was almost too cruel to say anything about the red flannel underclothes and the throwing of the gun away; but it had to be told, and the boys have had a good thing on their minds ever since.—Sacramento Record-Union.

These two articles have more connection in the mind of a Cantonese than they have among people in this country. Here, the first is associated chiefly with the noise and license of Fourth of July, when boys have the annual privilege of firing them off; and the second is known for the convenience they afford in lighting cigars. But among the Chinese, fire-crackers and fire-works are used in worshipping the gods, and to drive off evil and hungry spirits which may be prowling about the house; while joss-sticks are lighted to invite genial influences from the gods by pleasing them with the smoke of fragrant incense.

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For three months in advance \$0.75

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CHOOSING A NAME.

I have got a new-born sister; I was nigh the first that kias'd her. When the nursing woman brought her To papa, his infant daughter, How papa's dear eyes did glisten! She will shortly be to christen; And papa has made the offer I shall have the naming of her. Now I wonder what would please her, Charlotte, Julia or Louisa? And Mary, they're too common; Joan's too formal for a woman; Jane's a prettier name beside; But we had a Jane that died. They would say, if 'twas Rebecca, That she was a little Quaker. Edith's pretty, but that looks Better in old English books. Ellen's left off long ago; Blanche is out of fashion now. None that I have named as yet Are so good as Margaret. Why is that name so rare? How I'm puzzled and perplexed! What to choose or what to next! I am in a little fever. Least the name that I shall give her, Should disgrace her or defame her. I will leave papa to name her.

My Summer Journey.

"If he cannot love me when he hears I am a poor shop girl, he cannot love me at all." All very well in theory, but very poor in practice. I fold up Fred Langley's offer of marriage, and sit down to write him that, before he makes any further plans, with me for one of them, he must know that I am one of those superfluous beings, a girl who came into this world with no special place prepared for her; that I have clerked at Sharp & Snipser's ever since I was seventeen—and I am now twenty-three; that I have two young sisters depending on me for support, growing up in gawky, ill-clad ugliness, a shade plainer than myself even.

Somewhat, when I first met him at that pleasant summer resort, the first breath I had had out of Sharp & Snipser's store for two years, I was so happy, I forgot to mention the scrubbing life I had left behind me at home, and I was so sick of poverty and third-rate people that I was glad to forget it. How should he, being a man, know that the dress I wore had been turned twice; that I trimmed my bonnet myself; that the diamond ring I wore I had borrowed from my married sister, being the unvalued relic of some forgotten lover of hers; that the beauty he said was in my face was due to my happiness in his society. For I think I "ought" to be reversed.

How did he know that charming naïveté of mine was learned trying to induce customers to buy? Old Snipser always says when he expects to sell a large bill of goods to a customer: "Let Miss Joe manage him; she can smile the dollars out of his pockets, if any one can."

So I smile and smile, and yet I am no villain, for they are enforced and impudent smiles for bread and butter. How round and rosy I grew in those few weeks of ecstatic joy! What lovely walks and rides we had up and down the wood paths and ravines! What charming sails through the dells, through the Witch's Gulch, and about the Devil's Elbow.

How brilliant and agreeable, and how handsome my Fred was! Dear I call him my Fred before he knows that I clerk at Sharp & Snipser's.

I am no strong-minded woman! I frankly confess that I do not like to take care of myself. I am no clinging vine, however, having never had anything to cling to. I have grown up straight and stiff all by myself, like a weed in the middle of a bare, ten-acre lot.

Perhaps I will not make such a bad wife, after all. I am a good house-keeper, and have been no trouble or expense to any one since I can remember. I do not see why I should be so very much trouble now, even with my two sisters thrown in for ballast. Still, Fred must know all about the poverty and ingenuities, and make up his mind accordingly. So I wrote a great many sheets of paper writing an answer that shall be frank and truthful, and yet lady-like.

I inform him, in the most genteel manner, that he must marry three when he leads me to the altar.

I send it off in a pink envelope, my heart beating a painful tattoo, as I think of his elegant sister he has described to me, and of him, a rising young lawyer, and a member of the legislature.

I piece down my sister Sophia's one-summer silk for her, that I thought at such a bargain, thinking peradventure there may be a wedding soon. I do not send May when she comes home late from the picnic with my best sash drenched and soaked through, my lace fichu torn, and her toes through both her boots, and creeps into bed beside me. I hug her in my arms instead, with that hungry, unsatisfied longing I always have for kisses and caresses; but she only says, "You strangle me, Jo, you soft, mushy thing!" and moves along out of my reach.

My name was never Jo, but I have always been called this on account of my enforced manual accomplishments.

For a week I sing about the house like a lark; the next week I do not sing at all; the next week I do not sing at all, but go out, heavy-eyed and slow, and burst into tears when May sits

down to the old, faint-hearted piano and begins to storn away at "Il Bacio," Fred's favorite waltz, and mine.

I might have known all the time he would never answer that letter; it has always been my luck. Let me see how many lovers I have had. There was No. 1, waiting on me when my father died of heart disease and left me penniless at seventeen. He came to see me after the funeral, and told me that he had great sympathy and respect for me, and that he should never marry unless it was some poor girl thrown on her own resources, and with no one to take care of her, as he thought that was the true way for a true gentleman to do; and with these sentiments he bowed himself out for the last time.

Most heavenly philosophy! but then he married the same year the daughter of a wealthy man, who had never done anything harder in her life than curl her front hair over slate pencils.

Then there was the young man who wrote poetry, and threatened to die or shoot himself when I refused him—this was years ago. He is now in good health, with a wife and two children; but I always hated men who wrote poetry.

Then there was Judge Featherby. He visited me for a year, and said he loved me; but something he dignified by the name of pride forbade him from saying anything more, and I have been heartily glad since that he was ashamed of me.

But the thought of none of these well disposed and settled gentlemen makes the non-arrival of that letter any easier for me. I get weary and cross; my chest is getting weak, and I get faint and dizzy by spells.

Some days, when I stand at the lace counter waiting on some fashionable lady who is pricing this and cheapening that, I think I shall fall over in a dead faint from sheer exhaustion. Women are so much harder to suit than men, and, ten to one, go picking over everything and go out without buying anything, very likely, because so few of them, poor things, have any money of their own to spend.

The fall winds come, and I walk over beds of fallen leaves; then that long, awful winter of 1874 I wade through high drifts and through storms that take my breath away, to reach Sharp & Snipser's.

Sophia, the oldest of my sisters, is sitting this winter, so I get up and build the fire at five with numb fingers, so as to get to the store at seven. Before the spring opens, that she so longs to see, poor patient, hard-working Sophia dies.

Anticipating the life that was before her, I have tried to instill into her the principle that work is her end and aim, and that she must not expect anything beyond in the life of a woman who is both poor and uneducated.

She had done most of the cooking and all of the housework for us three, while I have been at Sharp & Snipser's, and May has been at school.

I have come home, worn out and fretful, to help what I can by snatches.

She has had about half of what she ought to have had to eat, and about a third of what she ought to have had to wear. Well, she is at rest now, and has gone where "all hearts are filled," and I stay where hearts are hollow.

I close her eyes; lay her out in the summer silk that should have graced our wedding; take the seventy-five dollars I have laid away in the bank, to buy her a coffin and pay the funeral expenses.

About this time there comes a legacy of a few hundreds from an old uncle of ours. I send May off to school with this, determined that she shall not be like Sophia. I am left alone. I do my own work. I eat my solitary meals, salted with lonely tears. I have ceased to hope ever to hear from Fred now.

The June days have come again, hot and long. There is sunshine without happiness, and stillness without rest.

I look at the glass—I am all eyes; my face is sharpening out, my collar bones protrude. I am getting waspy and thin; so much for putting my trust in man.

Old Snipser looked at me to-day, even kindly, and said:

"Miss Jo, you must have a vacation of a week or so; this hot weather in the country will do you good, and you can work the better on your return."

So I thanked him, thinking sadly that no trip in the country can make me happy now; that I am heir henceforth only to woman's undisputed legacy, tears, and longing after the love and appreciation she will never receive.

The big-hearted manager of the road, who is acquainted with me, has given me a pass to St. Paul and return. I care little which way I go, and have selected this route because it passes through the town where Fred Langley lives. Though I half-despise him for his fickleness, still I have a woman's curiosity to ride through his city, even though I can only catch a glimpse of his office windows.

I get on a brown poplin traveling dress. I find that old maids generally have a brown poplin, and the older they get the more colors they wear, especially scarlet. I have always hated red. I cannot see my way clear just yet to putting it on my bonnet, so I get a more youthful bunch of pale blush rose buds for my hat.

One hot, bright July day I set out on my lonely trip; once seated in the train by the open window my spirits rise, for I always did love to ride on the cars; there is a pleasant rush and excitement about them that pleases me; we are flying so fast, so fast, through white towns

and over bridges and out into the vast Wisconsin prairies—flat smooth and rolling, like those of Illinois and Iowa, but rough and jagged full of rocks and ragged thickets, with little cabins set down here and there like birds' nests in the grass; flocks of ragged children troop out of these and stare at the passengers—the dear, little, dirty creatures! What an inventory they take of my Milwaukee bonnet and dusty suit. Here is a field starred with swamp lilies, scarlet lobelias and wild asters. How I long to get out and gather them.

I see by the towns on my ticket, and I know by the warning whistle, that we are within a mile of Fred's home. The big manufacturing town is already in sight; the sand and sawdust and coal smoke is flying. Of course I have my head and shoulders out of the window, and with my eyes and mouth full of cinders, I am gaping wildly about me.

The train grates, jars and stops. The usual number of women with boxes, budgets and parasols bundle off the train. The Teachers' Association is held here this week, and a tribe of lank, sharp-nosed, hungry-faced women get off also, teacher written all over them, from their ugly hats to their ugly shoes.

Can I believe my eyes? Who is it that steps up and shakes hands with two of the lushest, most wizen'd, old-maidest of them all but my darling Fred, with a smile as sweet as the morning; he takes her satchels and shawls and turns to the lady who is with him, whom I know by the elegance of her dress and a certain high bred sweetness about her, is his sister. The oldest old maid says:

"So kind in you, Mr. Langley, to meet us. We should have been quite bewildered in this place. So good in you to take so much trouble."

"No trouble—most happy," but he says it rather languidly.

He glances up at the window, and in spite of cinders and soot, my caved in bonnet, my hair all flying and my cheeks burning like live coal, he knows me and drops the satchels.

"Take the shawls a moment, sis," I hear him say, and in another second he is on the train, leaning over my seat with my hand held tightly in his, and asking me a dozen questions in a breath.

"I am going to St. Paul," is all I have time to answer, and he replies, "Good-bye, Mignon, I will see you again;" and he is off the cars as the bell begins to ring.

I catch one more glimpse of him as the train moves off, helping his sister and the old maids with their satchels and their ankles like axe handles, into the carriage; I see him take the front seat beside the one with the red poppies in her bonnet, take the reins, and the horses are off like birds. How I envy that old maid, though she has a wart on her nose and looks like a last year's mule skin.

Something gets into my throat and chokes me, and I refuse the orange the man in the next seat offers me. Something chokes me all the way to St. Paul. It may be the green peach I have eaten; but I think it is that old maid.

Why did I let him speak me so familiarly, and call me "Mignon," his old name for me? Why did I not pull my hand away?

I busy myself with such thoughts as these until we have crossed the boundary line and have entered Minnesota; here the scene gets wilder and wilder, the broad Mississippi winds lazily along at the foot of its tall bluffs, with trees toppling uncomfortably along their steep sides; close to the car windows great walls of rock rise, oh, so high up in the air? The train balances dizzily along like a rope walker over high skeleton bridges and ledges of limestone rock, where it seems as if the least jar would send us down, and I dare not think how far.

I ride along in a sort of mist until we reach St. Paul. What a queer, elevated town it is! as if every house in it had climbed up and sat down on the top of a hill. I get out in a pouring rain, greatly to the detriment of my bones. I stop at one of the grandest hotels there, the Metropolitan, and say to myself spitefully:

"I will enjoy myself once, though I starve the rest of the year."

Rather a dreamy magnificence, however, for I get tired the first day wandering up and down the parlors and long halls. I grow restless the second day and want to go home. As to Minneapolis, what a muddy Fall to come so far to see! I grow so tired of the strange faces and the scenery that by the third day my brilliant summer debut is getting to be unbearable, when a boy brings up a card with Fred Langley's name engraved upon it.

I try not to make indecent haste down into the parlor, but somehow my feet will take me two stairs at a time.

Fred is there with an open letter and a pink envelope in his hand, which I see by close scrutiny is my poor old letter, written a year ago, telling him about my sisters.

The sight of it angers me beyond expression. I snatch at it fiercely. Fred holds the letter out of my reach, and catches me in his arms instead, bestowing upon me some of the old time kisses, whose forgotten sweetness I had trained myself to believe I should never feel again.

"Did you think me so mean, sordid, unmanly," he asked, "as not to answer your letter? It was lost, and was never found until yesterday, and I came as soon as the train would fetch me to answer it in person."

I ask no questions; I only lay my weary head down on his shoulder, and

cry out my overburdened heart upon his bosom.

It is not until afternoon, when we are driving in a nice carriage to Minnehaha Springs, near Minneapolis, the noise of St. Anthony's Falls in my ears, that I venture to say:

"How in the world did you ever lose that letter?"

"Well, you see, sister took it from the postman and put it upon the high mantle, where it slipped up against the wall and she forgot all about it, and, being a bit of a woman like yourself, she never noticed the edge above the mantle, nor any one else, until this week two rather oldish lady teachers came to spend a few days with us, and one of them, while looking for nick-nacks on this shelf, discovered and brought to light your letter."

"Did she have red poppies in her bonnet and a wart on her nose?" I inquired, eagerly.

"Yes; on the whole I believe she had." Heaven bless that old maid!

The Industrial Classes in Turkey.

The Fall Mail Gazette of July 23 says: "Seven or eight years ago the Foreign Office obtained several reports from British Consuls in Turkey on the condition of the industrial classes in that country."

Mr. J. C. Calvert, then in charge of the consular district of Monastir, sent home interesting details as to the industrial and economic circumstances of the agricultural laborers. The Province (sandjak) of Monastir, on the frontier of Albania, contains a population of about 922,000 souls, 536,000 Christians, and 386,000 Mohammedans. It is reckoned that about 200,000 are adult males between the ages of 18 and 50. The agricultural laborers are divisible into three classes all of whom are Christians: 1. Partner laborers; they provide the cattle and undertake the labor and cost of cultivating the farm, the landlord finding the seed. The produce is halved on the threshing-floor; then the laborer, by conveying the landlord's share to the granary, completes the engagement. 2. Farm laborers, who are engaged by the year, and work entirely for the landlord. Instead of wages all in money, they receive a stipulated quantity of grain and other necessities. This payment in kind varies with the locality. For instance, in the district (casas) of Monastir the allowance equals 68½ to 7½ English bushels of grain, partly Indian corn and partly rye, and 15 to 17 shillings in cash, (or 100 piastres) the value fluctuating with the currency. In the district of Betsike the allowance is simply 7½ bushels of wheat. More varied recompense awaits the laborer in the district of Kimprihi, his wage consisting of 45½ bushels of grain, (rye, barley and millet), 3½ bushels of salt, half an ox-hide for sandals, half a horse-load of leeks or cabbages, 9 shillings to 13 shillings in money, and sleeping-room rent free. 3. The "fixed-charged men," the term which Mr. Consul Calvert offers as the equivalent of "kassamjis," resemble the partner laborers in every respect except in the division of the year's produce, for they agree to give the landlord a certain fixed quantity of crops, irrespective of their actual yield. All of these three classes are free on the completion of their agreement with one landlord to engage themselves with another, unless, indeed, they have contracted a debt to their landlord, when the condition of the laborer becomes one of quasi-serfage, from which, under adverse circumstances, the toil of a life time falls to extract him; in not a few cases the debt becomes hereditary. The laborers, excepting this last unfortunate portion of them, both men and women are well clothed. Their undergarments are home-made, of English cotton twist, woven by the women into substantial cloth, the stout woolen stuff of which their outer garments and their thick socks consist is also home-made. The women's cotton clothing is elaborately embroidered in brilliant colors with home-dyed wool. Buffalo hide sandals are worn on working days; on holidays those who can afford it wear red leather shoes."

The most fallacious ideas prevail respecting leisure. People are always saying: "I would do so and so if I only had a little leisure. Now, there is no condition in which the chance of doing is less than the condition of leisure. The man fully employed may be able to gratify his good disposition by improving himself or his neighbors, or serving the public in some useful way; but the man who has all his time to dispose of as he pleases, has but a poor chance indeed of doing so. To do, increases the capacity of doing, and it is far less difficult for a man who is in an habitual course of exertion to exert himself a little more for an extra purpose, than for the man who does little or nothing to put himself in motion for the same end."

Let no one cry for leisure that he may be able to do anything. Let him rather pray that he may never have leisure. If he really wishes to do a good thing he will always find time to do it, by properly arranging his other employments.

There is a reluctance in everything to be set a-going, but when that is got over, then everything goes smoothly enough. In fact, it may be said that to ask for leisure or time to do an ordinary thing, is equivalent to a confession that we are indifferent about doing it.

A Good Indian Story.

A party of five amateur huntsmen left the city yesterday for the mountains, to be gone about a month, and another party of four returned home day before yesterday. The latter had intended to stay out longer, but the Indians in their vicinity began to grow exceedingly saucy, and to make demands for small things in a tone which, it was thought, indicated that they might, if provoked, help themselves, and the hunters therefore broke camp, intending to stop awhile at a point near home, but after they got on the back track they came through without much delay. Speaking of the Indians, the party tell a funny story of their main camp. One hot day one of them went to a creek not far distant to have a bath, taking with him his rifle. He had removed his garments down to his red flannel underclothing on the bank of the stream, when he heard the brush cracking, and thinking perhaps the noise was made by a deer or other large animal, he deployed himself as a skirmisher and cautiously began investigating. He had not long to wait, for a moment later he observed a figure dodging from tree to tree, rifle in hand, and evidently watching him. It flashed through his mind that he was being followed by an Indian bent on mischief, and his heart rose to his throat so that he could almost taste it as thoughts of home forced themselves upon him. He determined that he would fight to the last, however, and, braced by this determination, advanced upon the enemy. The latter was evidently not prepared for such tactics, for he retreated, faster and faster, and finally threw down his gun and ran. The Sacramentan, fearing that this was only a piece of strategy to lead him into an ambush, returned to the creek, doined his garments and hurried to the camp. There he found a member of the party who had just come in from hunting relating to the other two members how he also had experienced some trouble with Indians, one of whom he said followed him two or three miles, and he had only escaped from him by striking him over the head with his gun. This, he went on to say, broke the stock in two, the barrel flew into the chapparal, and he did not deem it worth while to wait and search for it, when the Indians might attack the camp at any moment. The man who had been to the creek began to feel a suspicious that two members of that hunting party had been making fools of themselves, and he quietly inquired: "What did he look like?" Look like? You've heard of them being called red devils; well, this fellow was one of them! He was stripped right to the skin, and was bareheaded, and had painted himself just as red as blood. You needn't laugh; 'twasn't anything to laugh at."

It was almost too cruel to say anything about the red flannel underclothes and the throwing of the gun away; but it had to be told, and the boys have had a good thing on drink ever since.—Sacramento Record-Union.

Fire-Crackers and Joss-Sticks.

These two articles have more connection in the mind of a Cantonese than they have among people in this country. Here, the first is associated chiefly with the noise and license of Fourth of July, when boys have the annual privilege of firing them

SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1877.

Lewis V. Boggs, United States Senator from Missouri, died at St. Louis on the 20th inst.

M. Thiers, late President of the French Republic, who died a short time ago, started in life from the ranks of the people as a "newspaper man."

It remained for a "newspaper man," Henry M. Stanley, of the New York Herald, to eclipse Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Baker, Cameron and all previous African explorers, and solve the great mystery of the sources of the Nile and Congo.

In a short article last week on Howard the words "superiors, judges and censors of those fellows" should have read, "superiors, judges and censors of their fellows," and the words "in the calm light of impression" should have read, "in the calm light of discussion."

We see by the bills that on Tuesday evening, the night before the Fair opens a grand ball will be given at the Female Academy, with Messrs. R. D. Williams, A. H. Dean and B. F. Carpenter as managers. It will no doubt be a delightful evening to those who enjoy the dance.

The region of country below Tuscaloosa, on the Black Warrior river, was visited, on the 20th inst., by a most destructive flood, which entirely ruined many planters, and merchants who had advanced heavily to them. The abundant crops of cotton, corn and fodder in the fertile valley of the Warrior was entirely swept away. The river suddenly rose sixty-three feet and poured down the valley, carrying everything before it. The planters had just commenced picking cotton, and had not hauled the corn and fodder from the fields. It is estimated that thirty thousand bales of cotton have been destroyed.

President Hayes said in his speech at Atlanta:

"Now, my colored friends, we have been trying it six months [that is, letting the Southern States govern themselves without military force] and in my opinion for no six months since the war have there been so few outrages and invasions of your rights, nor you so secure in your rights, persons and homes than in the last six months."

This is true, and we have always told the colored people of this section that such would be the case whenever the Democratic party came into power. Let them stick to the regular Democratic party, and vote with it under the advice of its most trusted leaders, and all will be well with them.

The Presidential party has returned to Washington from its Southern jaunt. Everywhere the President was received with every demonstration of respect, and his expressions of good will to the South were outspoken and apparently sincere.

Whatever may be Mr. Hayes' motive for his partiality for the South since his inauguration, or the hidden outside causes that has impelled him to it, the South has been the gainer, in that tranquility has succeeded agitation; justice has succeeded injustice; the warm pressure of the hand of friendship has succeeded the stunning blow of the mailed hand of power, and the Southern States have been recognized as States possessing all the rights and dignity of any other States of the Union.

We suppose Mr. Hayes has his particular political reasons for his conduct; but we care not for the motive so long as the effect is beneficial.

We are not of those who return vituperation for kindness; neither of those who would allow that kindness to condone a great wrong done to our country. Nothing that Mr. Hayes has done or can do would induce us to regard with favor, or even extenuate the means by which his office was attained; but at the same time we see no good to come of Southern newspapers aping the New York Sun in fierce tirades upon the first member of the Republican party who has ever given them any practical fruits of his friendship.

So it seems that the man of the Clairmont Savings Bank was Deacon BROADWELL—yes, brethren, he was or had been a deacon, and was famous for his religious dialogues. Then, brethren, look at Spencer, the fugitive swindler of the State Savings Institution of Chicago, who was a member of the Young Men's Christian Association and paid his dues regularly, and kept his certificate of membership in a drawer that contained the other proofs of his delinquency. Then cast an eye, while passing along, brethren, upon that magnificent swindler, J. S. Morton of Philadelphia, whose remarkable and gigantic operations are now recorded. Then, brethren, look at A. W. Parsons, the fraudulent banker of the Iowa town of Burlington, who has absconded. We apprehend, brethren, that notwithstanding the professions and pretensions of these men, they were, after all, in reality, children of the devil and heirs of hell.—N. Y. Sun.

A LITTLE HUMAN NATURE—Miss Jennie Frost of Council Bluffs, Iowa, who had a marvelous escape from the train that was wrecked on the Rock Island Railroad, relates that one woman heroically rescued her six children and then went to the aid of other sufferers, while another lady was terribly exercised over the loss of her satchel, and could think of nothing else. One lady, who was in agony from a broken wrist and a compound fracture of one of her legs, would not consent to have morphine injected into her arm because she feared it might hurt her. Another lady who was severely injured was offered a glass of brandy, but refused to swallow it, stating that she was a strict temperance woman and meant to stand by her principle even if she died in the attempt.

The members from the Gulf States have made up their minds to have a representative of their section among the three chief offices of the House, and have put forward Col. Caldwell of Alabama for Clerk. He is a member of the two last Congresses and is one of the noblest men of this state.—Mobile Reg.

Telegrams in Brief.

SEPT. 24th.—Severe but indecisive fighting for two days between the Turks and Bulgarians near Plevna.

Our troops and Nez Perce Indians still fighting. Nez Perce and other tribes heading for Sitting Bull in Canada and a general Indian war is apprehended.

Yellow fever committing fearful ravages at Fernandina, Fla. Nearly the entire population down. Forty new cases reported on the 24th. Great numbers of negroes are dying with it.

A new form of cattle plague has broken out near Cleveland, Ohio. The disease is a sort of fever and is fatal in a few hours.

Great fire in the Patent Office at Washington. Damage to building 200,000 to 500,000 dollars. Loss from burning of models incalculable.

Gen. McClellan accepts the Democratic nomination for Governor of New Jersey.

Presidential party has left Atlanta and arrived at Jacksonville. Hayes and Brants spoke, but Keys declined, saying he could not open his mouth but that some one would find fault.

SEPT. 25.—Eight negroes fought in Cincinnati; four wounded and one killed. A party of cattle thieves were captured in Northwest Kansas and 700 head of cattle were recovered. Eight of the thieves were killed.

Delegation of Sioux Indians have arrived in Washington, and Secretary Schurz didn't have on his war paint to receive them.

The total losses of Russians and Roumanians before Plevna exceed 25,000 killed and wounded.

The Republicans of New Jersey have nominated Wm. A. Williams for Governor.

The Bark Cricket, bound from Brazil to Baltimore, has been lost. She had on board 7,400 bags of coffee, worth \$200,000.

Andrew Shiffin was hung in Harrisburg, Pa., the 25th. He protested his innocence to the last.

A dispatch from New York reports considerable volumes of currency going West and South to move the crops. Shall be very glad to see it when it comes.

The Presidential party has returned to Washington, much pleased with its reception at the South. Hayes advises the people of the North to emigrate South rather than West.

Three more deaths from yellow fever at Fernandina, and twenty new cases.

The schooner Ocean Wave, from New Orleans to Galveston, foundered off Galveston on the 16th, and all on board, Captain and 29 men, were lost.

Cotton in New York on the 25th: Uplands, 112; Orleans, 112. So Selma, easy at 104 for low middlings.

SEPT. 26.—Alexander Stephens has arrived in Washington, called on the President and urged Herschel V. Johnson for the vacancy on the United States Supreme Court bench.

The London Daily News, in its summary of the Russo-Turkish war, considers it coming to an end. No serious fighting left.

Big fire in Columbus, Ohio. Loss \$350,000.

Leahy's lat factory burned in New York. Loss \$100,000.

Austin, Texas, dispatches state that several regiments of Texans will be organized for service on the Rio Grande. Gen. Ord has gone to Austin to consult with the Governor.

Big Maggie, from Pensacola for London, struck a Florida reef on the 21st and was totally lost.

A train of cars was thrown from the track at Sandoval, Ill., by masked men, and seven passengers were killed and others wounded.

Cotton.—New York, Uplands, 112; Orleans, 112. Selma—Low Middlings, 102.

A balloon ascension was made lately at Glade Springs, Va. It had ascended 300 feet when the ascendant commenced performing on a horizontal bar, hanging by his feet, and his head down, waving his handkerchief to the persons on the ground, the patched and dilapidated canvas split from bottom to top with a report that was heard miles away. No sooner had the gas escaped than the balloon collapsed and came shooting down as swiftly as it had darted up. It came to the ground, and until some citizens undertook to move the carcass did not stir. The man was found to be alive and conscious, but dreadfully bruised and mangled. He died the same night.—Abingdon Standard.

The following are the largest rivers, with their extent: The Amazon, in South America, falls from the Andes through a course of 2,600 miles; the Mississippi, from the Stony Mountains, runs 2,600 miles; La Plata, from the Andes, 2,215 miles; the Hoangho, in China, from the Tibetan chain of mountains, is 3,290 miles; the Yangtze, running from the same mountains, and is 3,000 miles long; the Nile, from the Jibbel Kumri mountains, courses 2,690 miles; the Euphrates, from Ararat, is 2,020 miles long; the Volga, from the Valdais, is 2,100 miles; the Danube, from the Alps, is 1,700 miles long; the Indus, from the Himalayas, is 1,770 miles; the Ganges runs from the same source, and is 1,650 miles long; the Orinoco, from the Andes is 1,500 miles long; the Niger, or Wharrah, is 1,999 miles long; the Don; the Dnieper and the Senegal are each over 1,000 miles long; the Rhine and the Gambia are eight hundred and eighty-eight miles in extent.

"Twas a printer's devil who asked for a kiss, but she quickly replied—did this little miss—you look ugly and black, your head may be level, but I can't consent to be kissed by the devil." Years passed and the miss became an old maid, with frizzles and curls, false teeth and pomade.—Then sadly she sought to recall the old issue, but the printer replied—"the devil won't kiss you."—Ez.

The Price Current estimates the damage to the rice crop from the cyclone on the lower coast at 30 per cent.

THE WHISPERING CANNON.—Words spoken on one side of Gold Cannon are heard with striking clearness upon the other side. The sounds are telephoned across the intervening space, and may be as distinctly noted as if the speaker was standing by the side of the listener. This is, of course, due to the peculiar formation of the country.

Neighbors who live on opposite sides of the Canon talk together quite readily when they live as much as a mile apart, by the way the road runs. It is not so far by the air line, however.—Gold Hill News.

Southern Calendar Clock Co.

The clever employees of the Southern Calendar Clock Company have won a place in the estimation of our citizens, which is indeed most enviable, and of which they may feel justly proud. Coming into our midst but a few short months ago, and being entire strangers to our people, by a strict adherence to their business, gentlemanly conduct and upright dealing they have made friends of everybody and everybody is their friend. Not only has their personal influence been felt and exerted but they have been very liberal in contributing to the churches and to the rebuilding of our institute. Such conduct, where there is no selfish aim to gratify, is indeed worthy of the highest commendation, and justly deserves the praise and thanks of the entire community. Wherever they may go from here we commend them to the world as gentlemen of the highest type and in every way worthy of the patronage of the public.—Bulloch County (Ala.) Guide, May 15, 1877.

From the same, March 29th.

We take very great pleasure in indorsing the following testimonial, copied from the last issue of the Herald, with reference to the gentlemanly agents of the Southern Calendar Clock Company. It has been our pleasure to meet most of these agents, and a more clever, genteel body of men we never knew.

"We, the undersigned, citizens of Union Springs, take pleasure in recommending the agents of the Southern Calendar Clock Company to the citizens of this and adjoining counties, as high-toned honorable gentlemen in every respect, and well worthy their confidence and esteem."

J. B. Hunter, City Clerk.
M. B. Houghton,
B. N. Irvine,
J. N. Arrington,
W. O. Baldwin,
W. K. Jones, M. D.,
R. B. Bouyer, Marshal,
Wright, Frazer & Co.,
W. H. Black,
Judge of Probate Court.
J. D. Blue,
Rainer, Jelks & Eley,
Fleming Law,
Mayor of Union Springs.
A. R. McDonald.

The abundant harvests which are everywhere so promising this fall, with a good demand at fair prices, will suggest to our readers the propriety of purchasing a good and reliable piano. To those who would buy a strictly first-class instrument, we would recommend to look into the merits of the Mendenhall Piano Co., 56 Broadway, N. Y. This company is regularly incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, and composed of eminent piano manufacturers, with the express object of selling pianos direct to the people at factory prices, without the intervention of agents or dealers, thereby saving them more than one-half the price usually charged.

The pianos, including Grand, Square and Upright, made one of the finest displays at the Centennial Exhibition, and were unanimously recommended for the Diploma of Honor and Medal of Merit.

The leading papers of the country speak in very high terms of the Company and their pianos.

We would recommend any of our readers who have any idea of ever buying a piano, to send for their Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue, which will be mailed free to all.

As but a short time will intervene between now and the 3rd of October, the time appointed for our Fair, I take this method of calling the attention of Judges and Department Superintendents to the importance of being early at their posts and prompt in the discharge of their duties, in order to avoid confusion, give satisfaction, and insure success.

In this connection I am authorized to say in reply to enquiries addressed to me, that special premiums will be awarded to exhibitors not included in the published list; that fare and transportation will be furnished by the Railroads at reduced rates, and that all necessary arrangements have been made in the way of hotels, private boarding houses and camping grounds, for the convenience of those who may attend.

With much labor and at great expense the Directors and Officers of the Fair have endeavored to make it an enterprise alike worthy of the cordial support and liberal patronage of the people, and honorable to Calhoun County; and the favorable reports they have received from the different counties embraced in the Fair Association, gives assurance that they will realize more than their most sanguine expectations.

W. P. COOPER,
Superintendent, &c.

A dog in Sierk, France, returned good for evil. His master, a peasant, attached a stone to his neck and threw him into the Moselle. The poor brute sank, but the cord broke, and he rose to the surface and made desperate effort to get into the boat. His master pushed him repeatedly with an oar and, at length stood up and endeavored to strike him a violent blow. In the attempt the man fell into the water. The dog swam to him and held him up by the clothing until aid arrived.

NO EXCUSE FOR BEING OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

Our attention has been called to some new and useful cooking utensils, recently invented which make baking and cooking a pleasure, instead of a dreary necessity. One of which, the Patent Centennial Cake and Bread Pan, made of Russia Iron, is so constructed that you can remove your cake baked, instantly from the pan, without breaking or injuring it, and you can remove the tube, and convert it into a plain bottom pan, for baking jelly or plain cakes, bread, etc. Another, the Kitchen Kneader, a plated wire boiler or steamer to hang inside of an ordinary iron pot, for boiling or steaming vegetables, etc., which when done, can be removed perfectly dry, without lifting the heavy sooty iron pot off of the stove, avoiding the danger of burning the hands with the steam in pouring off the hot water, and the vegetables cannot possibly burn if the water boils dry, as the steamer does not touch the bottom of the pot. These goods are sold exclusively through agents to families, and every house-keeper should by all means have them. A splendid opportunity is offered to some reliable lady or gentleman canvasser of this county to secure the agency for a pleasant and profitable business. For terms, territory, etc., write to L. E. Brown & Co., Nos. 214 and 216 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER'S RETURN, ON THE LOST CAUSE.—A magnificent picture, beautiful in design and artistic in execution. It represents a Confederate soldier after the war returning to his home, which he finds ruined by shot and shell, looking lonely and desolate. In front of the ruined cottage, telling a tale of the ravages of war, are two graves with rude crosses, on one of which some friendly hand has hung a garland. The graves are overgrown by a flowering willow, in the shadow of which stands the returned soldier with bowed head, as if thinking of the past. To the right the calm river and rising moon indicate peace and rest. The stars seen through the trees represent the Southern Cross, draped over the graves, an emblem of the Confederate flag as well as a harbinger of brighter days to come. The flood of glorious moonlight streaming through the trees and reflecting on the peaceful river adds to the sentiment and beauty of the scene and surroundings. No description of this gem of art will do it justice—it must be seen: It is a picture that will touch every Southern heart and should find a place in every Southern home. It is 14 x 18 inches in size, on heavy plate paper. One copy will be sent by mail, in a paste-board roller, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents: three copies for 60 cts., or six for \$1, in currency or postage stamps. Agents wanted everywhere, to sell this and a variety of other popular cheap pictures. No money required until they are sold. No trouble to sell them. Send stamp for our catalogue and terms.

Address, A. GREGG & Co., Pub'rs,
158 Market st., Chattanooga, Tenn.
Sept. 29—31.

Hair Flowers, Feather Flowers, Braids & Curls.

MISS TAYLOR of Meridian, Miss., has just received a large lot of hair flowers, feather flowers, braids and curls, which she can be seen at the Wily House. She desires to make up a class to learn the art, and propose to teach at much lower rates than usual. Sept. 21, 1877.

LOOK OUT FOR THE MONITOR.

It has been located in Jacksonville for the purpose of running the PAINTING business. He does all styles, both Plain and Fancy. Thirty-four years experience makes him guarantee all work entrusted to his care. No material used but the best in market. Produce taken in exchange for labor, at market price.

CHAS. H. RANGER.
Jacksonville, Sept. 29, 1877.

A Certain Cure for CANCER!

THE undersigned having become possessed of a remedy for this most distressing and hitherto considered incurable malady, which has been tested by several persons and proved to be an effectual remedy, thinks it his duty to inform the afflicted where they can obtain relief.

He at present resides to Jefferson Alford, and is now afflicted with Cancer for 16 years, and is now perfectly cured by the use of this remedy. Mr. Alford's test office is at Gadsden, where persons desirous of information can write to him.

Any person wishing to test the remedy can do so by calling on or writing to the undersigned at White Plains, Calhoun Co., Alabama. A. J. KERR.
Sept. 22—3m.

The Montgomery Weekly ADVERTISER & MAIL.

Now is the TIME TO SUBSCRIBE. It is a large thirty-six column paper, filled with editorial, telegrams, miscellaneous news, reports, and is altogether just such a paper as every one needs for household reference. It will be heretofore advocate the men and measures of the Democratic and Conservative party, believing that the future peace and prosperity of the whole country depends upon the success of that organization.

Next year we are to have an important State election, and subscribers now will receive it during the year.

TERMS:
Daily, one copy one year, \$10 00
" " six months, 5 00
" " three months, 2 50
" 10 copies 1 year (all to start at same time) 50 00
Weekly, one year, 2 00
" ten copies one year, 17 50
Not confined to one post office.
Address all orders to
W. W. SCREWS, Montgomery, Ala.

The Southern Argus.

AN AGRICULTURAL, Political, News & Literary Paper, a fearless home rule and white rule organ, is devoted to the promotion of Southern interests in general, and Alabama interests in particular, and to these ends is independent of rings, cliques, and combinations of all kinds, holding none as nothing, but looking only to the general good through honest means and the wisest policy, and is free, frank, and fearless. It is the paper for the farmer and the fireside, the home and the family circle. It is the journal of the people, not of the politicians—an organ of the people, not of the politicians—its motto is "Truth and Justice." It is a significant one of the best papers in the South, and is also the cheapest. Single copies to any address, postage paid by the publisher, \$1.50 a year, five copies one year, \$5 00; ten copies, ordered at one time, sent to the same or different postoffices, for \$10, and an extra copy for the person making the club.

ROBT. MCKEE,
SELMA, ALA.

RICHARD WALKER, Barber and Hair-Dresser.

FIRST CORNER of Maddox & Carr's Family Grocery. Give him a call and he will guarantee perfect satisfaction with his neat, complete and fashionable work. Jacksonville, June 17, 1876—4f.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said County, Special Term, Sept. 28, 1877.

THIS day came Charles Martin, administrator de bonis non of the Estate of Loving, Martin, deceased, and filed his petition in writing, under oath, praying for an order of sale of certain lands described therein and belonging to said estate, for the purpose of division among the heirs at law of said deceased.

It is ordered that the 17th day of October, 1877, be appointed a day on which to hear and determine upon said petition, and that notice thereof be given by publication in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper published in said county for three successive weeks prior to said day, as a notice to the non-resident heirs of said Estate, as well as all parties in interest to appear and contest the same if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON,
Judge of Probate.

Sept. 15, 1877—3f.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court, Special Term, Sept. 20th, 1877.

THIS day came C. W. Brewster, Administrator of the Estate of E. H. S. Garrett, deceased, and filed his petition in writing, under oath, praying an Order of Sale of certain lands described therein and belonging to said Estate, for the purpose of division among the heirs at law of said deceased.

It is Ordered, that the 31st day of October, 1877, be appointed a day on which to hear and determine upon said petition, and that notice thereof be given by publication in the Jacksonville Republican, a Newspaper published in said County, for three successive weeks, prior to said day, as a notice to the non-resident heirs at law of said Estate, to appear and contest the same if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON,
Judge of Probate.

Sept. 22—3f.

J. J. CANNON, Probate Judge.

THE WORLD RENOWNED

ROME, GEORGIA.

Kerns constantly on hand the most celebrated and latest MILL MACHINERY, at Manufacturers' prices. Also, Importer of the Double Anchor Dutch Bolting Cloth, French Bars and Bessemer MILL STONES, Double Turbine Water Wheel, and an assortment of Milling &c. Dec. 30 '71—17f.

A GREENHOUSE AT YOUR DOOR.

For \$1.00 we will send Free by Mail

8 dist. varieties, Monthly Roses, Winter 8 do
8 do Caration Pinks do
8 do Chinese Chrysanthemums do
8 do Zonal Geraniums do
8 do Double do do
8 do Ivy leaved do do
8 do Heliotropes do
8 do Abutilons do
2 do Double Camellias do
2 do Azaleas do
2 do Lobster Cactus do
6 do Bouvardias do
2 do Stevens & Eupatoriums do
8 do Fuchsias do
8 do Double Violets do
2 do Poinsettias, Scarlet and White, Winter 4 do
4 do Plumbago, Winter 4 do
8 do Ferns, for Wardian cas's 4 do
4 do Palms, and do Cases 4 do
6 do Mosses do do
6 do Marigolds do do
6 do Hyacinth Bulbs 20 do
20 assorted Tulips, bulbs 20 do
20 do Crocus, bulbs 20 do
20 do Jacobine Lily, bulbs 12 do
12 do Oxalis 4 do
4 Lily of the Valley 8 do
8 New Pearl Tuberoses.

OR BY EXPRESS,

3 of any of above \$1 collections for \$2 50
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